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# Four biographical sketches

John Morgan

D 31520

David Evans  
Hampstead



## **FOUR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.**



# FOUR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES:

*BISHOP OLLIVANT, BISHOP THIRLWALL,*

*REV. GRIFFITH JONES.*

VICAR OF LLANDDOWROR,

AND

*SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS, Q.C.*

WITH

**A Chapter on 'The Church in Wales.'**

BY

**JOHN MORGAN,**

RECTOR OF LLANILID AND LLANHARAN, GLAMORGAN.

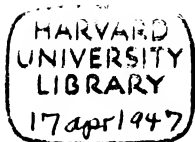
LONDON :

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1892.



KD 31520



*Robinson Fund*

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*ALFRED OLLIVANT, D.D.,*

LORD BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.



ALFRED OLLIVANT, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

THAT was a memorable letter which, bearing the Cambridge postmark, but with no other external distinction of any kind, reached me one bright morning in May, A.D. 1850. I mean, of course, memorable to me, and that because it not only occasioned me great and grateful surprise, but also marked an important stage in my humble career, and first brought me into communication with my late Diocesan, and in reference to him gave rise in my mind to grave and perplexing reflections. In those days theological classes were formed at the Grammar Schools of Abergavenny and Cowbridge, from which young men were admitted into Holy Orders in the Diocese of Llandaff. I was placed at the former, with the understanding that when I came of age I should be permitted, on the recommendation of my tutor and of the visitor of the theological department—who at that time was the Ven. the Archdeacon of Monmouth—to offer myself

as a candidate. I happened to arrive at the canonical age two or three months before the expiration of my full term of residence at the school ; but at the instigation of my superiors, and on the strength of the foregoing understanding, I prepared myself for the next ordination in the diocese. But at the critical moment Bishop Copleston died, and another was appointed, who asked for proof positive of such an understanding in the shape of a written promise. As my admission into the theological class had been arranged at an interview between Dr. Copleston and a dear friend who took an interest in me, no written promise could be forthcoming, and I was consequently told to wait and go on with my studies. Possessing some knowledge, from the report of friends, of the supposed autocratic and inflexible character of the distinguished person who had so unexpectedly raised the impediment, and who alone could remove it, I deemed the case as conclusively settled, and I had simply to accept the inevitable and do as I was bidden. I was told I might as well try to change the arbitrament of inexorable Fate as to move the new Bishop from his purpose. But the letter in question was from the Bishop himself, conveying his request, peremptory in effect, but courteous in terms, that I should present myself on a stated day for examination at Llanvapley Rectory, the residence of his examining chaplain, the Ven. the Archdeacon of Llandaff. Forgetting for the

moment the risk of being plucked, and the necessity of immediate and strenuous application to my studies, I gave myself up as one spell-bound to simple delight and gratitude. I failed not even to congratulate myself on the timely delivery of the letter. It might well have missed a post or two, as so many others missed in those days of irregularity in the delivery of letters in small country towns. And had it been a day later, it would have rendered the performance of some necessary official requirements, such as the publication of my 'Si Quis,' extremely difficult, if not, indeed, impossible. It was a narrow escape, and I was deeply thankful. But it was on the writer that my interest concentrated itself. Indeed, the whole incident, including the letter, irresistibly led me, after the first effusion of feeling on my unexpected acceptance, to discuss him and his probable personal qualities. His letter was hardly out of my hand that day, becoming not only a sort of newly-gotten treasure, which I could not too jealously guard, but also a subject of close and careful inspection. Those were the days when mesmerism, table-turning, and the mysteries of clairvoyance exercised a wide fascination for the youthful part of the community, and in their wake, and at a time when popular feeling was in a ferment about the marvellous connection between materialistic and spiritual objects, it was but natural that the arts of palmistry and caligraphy should also draw their



share of attention ; and perhaps more deservedly so, and with a greater probability of arriving at authentic and satisfactory results, than some other branches of occult science. The human hand itself, we are told, is an indicator of the advancement made in general civilization and social refinement. And surely its particular formation, with its characteristic lines, the number and position of its veins, its softer or firmer texture, its attributes of dry or moist, cannot be without some special individual significance. And the secret can be, perhaps, deciphered by skill and experience, such as enable the phrenologist to predicate the personal tendencies by the development of the cranium, or the physiognomist to trace the action of thought and passion by the lines and settled expression of the face. Caligraphy, in like manner, may be reasonably supposed to give a clue to the character, and reflect and disclose what lies within the man. We assume this to be the case when we instinctively endeavour to connect it with the personality of the writer. This was probably more the case formerly, when letters were fewer but longer, and more intimate and confidential, and when correspondence was more cultivated, and considered a more desirable part of education than at present. And, indeed, it may with due diffidence be added that, without adopting Mr. Carlyle's cynical remark about men being mostly fools, many of our multitudinous correspondents, irrespectively of

their physical qualities, are so featureless, or, at all events, so singularly free from salient points of attraction, or any individual traits whatever, that we do not much care to trouble ourselves about their mental capacity or moral complexion. But, still, a communication penned by a man of distinction, especially one who may have it in his power to exercise a paramount influence on our after-life, tempts us to try to obtain an insight into what is denied us by personal knowledge. At all events, the aforesaid letter, coming as it did from one of the most illustrious doctors of Cambridge, who had been recently appointed to the ancient See of Llandaff, and was likely to be my own Diocesan, whose praises were familiar to me from my infancy, but whom I had never seen, led me to speculate as to what manner of man he was. The handwriting was good, exceedingly neat, and perfectly intelligible, but *legible* cramped, rather, and stiff. Did this denote that the intellect was of an excellent order, firm, compact, methodical, but circumscribed? But what human intellect, or, indeed, any kind of human endowment, that has not its bounds and limits? And whether we have one talent, or five or ten talents, the essential thing is that we trade with them, so that the Master, when He cometh, may find His own with usury, and we receive the full recompense of the good and faithful servant. There were no interlineations, erasures, or any sort of corrections in the letter, nor, indeed, in

any of the scores of letters I received from him in the course of his episcopate, except in his extreme old age. A proof this, assuredly, of clearness of mental vision and methodical adjustment of ideas. The fact of his writing direct to me, an humble and obscure student, without an intermediary, and writing, too, with the greatest courtesy, and as soon as he thought he could rectify a mistake or do a friendly act, showed him what subsequent long acquaintance indisputably proved him to be—essentially kind, just, open to conviction, prompt, and straightforward in his mode of proceeding. There was no beating about the bush with him, no strategic movements to cover a retreat, and not a wound of the slightest kind would he willingly inflict, or suffer to remain unrelieved a moment longer than he could help it. Here was a man who could be implicitly trusted, who was true to the very core, sound to the utmost capacity of his powers, sterling and of full weight to the last grain of his moral and intellectual nature.

In obedience to the mandate, I commenced my journey early on the day appointed, and, after traversing with difficulty an uneven and most hilly road, found myself punctually at ten o'clock a.m., in company with two other students—one from Jesus College, Oxford, and the other from Trinity, Dublin—busy at work at Llanvapley, in the presence and under the calm but keen eye of the Bishop's chaplain. He was

of medium height, slight of build, agile in his movements, and manifestly a thorough Welshman, but a Welshman of a refined type. It seemed a strange freak of fortune to lay hold of one who was confessedly a born leader of men, and possessed of every qualification to move in courtly circles, or occupy with signal advantage the highest station in Church or State, and to place him in such a small, secluded, and unremunerative cure as that of the parish of Llanvapley. For its Vicar, our examiner, was no other than the Rev. Thomas Williams, M.A., the renowned Archdeacon, and subsequently Dean, of Llandaff. He had taken a first-class at his University, and held a distinguished position at his own college, Oriel, when Oriel was at the zenith of its splendour, and when its historic common room was adorned and enriched by the culture and the varied and far-reaching disquisitions of Whateley, Copleston, Arnold, Newman, and John Keble. Pre-eminent as these were in masculine intellect, in subtlety of observation, in apt and discursive speech, and in scholarly attainments, the best of them found their match in him. After entering public life, he proved himself possessed of great administrative talent, of a tact and wisdom that could deal with success with the most difficult emergencies and the most susceptible persons, of an eloquence that, in spite of a grating and uncertain voice, never failed to fix the admiring attention of his audience,

and, so long as his health permitted, of untiring energy. Any subject he took in hand was sure to be subjected to the analysis of a master of unexampled resources, and of a patient and conscientious diligence which tired not until the root of the matter was found, every detail known, and a flood of light thrown on what was before dark or under cover. But what endeared him to all classes was his affectionate and conciliatory disposition. He applied his sagacity and all the resources of his penetrating and richly-endowed mind, not to discover and magnify points of difference, but to find out and expatiate on positions whereon all might meet and co-operate. He believed that the Church of England was meant to be comprehensive, and if there have been always two elements within her from the Reformation downwards and, indeed, long anterior to that era, the experience of so many centuries has taught us that if these could not freely mix, they were, at least, not 'incompatible,' as chemists say, one with another. If perfect unity of ritual and opinion eluded us, it was our plain and positive duty to live together in the bond of peace and in the forbearance of love. I think his last words in public were, 'Our safety is in union, and our certain ruin in division and strife'—

'It is the little rift within the lute  
That by-and-by will make the music mute,  
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.'

Such was the personage, so famous and so widely esteemed, to whom we had been directed, and who now conducted our examination. Before sitting down to our several papers we were invited by him to join in family worship, and after the lapse of forty-two years I still retain a vivid recollection of the deep impression made on me by the singular appropriateness and fervour of the petitions offered on our behalf, the prayer being evidently extemporaneous. The room we were in was the library, an old-fashioned room of small extent, with a low ceiling, and with no adornment except a few pictures, but fitted with numerous shelves, which were overladen with books and pamphlets. It looked out on a verdant strip of lawn, bordered with laurel and rhododendron, beyond which lay the church with its gray tower and silent burying-ground. Is it not Camoens who contrasts the insignificance of the space which is the source or the theatre of a variety of transactions with the greatness and importance of the events themselves? The spot may be of the smallest dimensions, and yet be the scene of intolerable anguish or the most exquisite enjoyment, and the birth-place of thoughts and incidents which may vitally and permanently affect the interests of the whole human race. And in the library at Llanvapley Vicarage might be found an exemplification on a small scale of the poet's remark. Here within that little room,

in measurement, perhaps, 16 feet by 14, might be found converging day after day the various interests of the Diocese of Llandaff, and where each separate interest received an immediate and appropriate consideration, so capable and methodical was the presiding *genius loci*. Here the powerful, active, fertile, and well-trained mind was revolving, devising, perfecting plans for improving the condition of the diocese, and here the large and benevolent heart never failed to respond in quick sympathy to every appeal for aid and counsel, or to feel the tenderest jealousy for the honour of the Church and the well-being of the people. For it was well known that during the occupancy of the See by Bishop Copleston the practical administration of the diocese devolved on Archdeacon Williams, in conjunction with his able colleague and near neighbour, Archdeacon Crawley.

On the Saturday afternoon in the same week I was introduced in the vestry of St. Mary's, Monmouth, to Bishop Ollivant. As some dear relatives of mine had been under his tuition at college, and these from their position as students under discipline had naturally dwelt on the rigid aspect of his character, it was with some curiosity, not unmixed with awe, that I found myself in his presence. He looked unmistakably the gentleman, ecclesiastic, and Cambridge don of the highest type. His eye was keen, his mouth firm, his words few but straight to the point, his manner

courteous, and yet dignified. Observers thought they could trace a likeness in him to the great Duke of Wellington. And in truth I have seen myself portraits of the great Duke in his early career not unlike our great Bishop. The aquiline nose, the contour of the face, the form of the head, as well as the upright bearing and the air of command inseparable from the look, helped to constitute the resemblance, only the Bishop's face was of a more refined cast, and as the years advanced the Duke's head seemed to have settled into a nearly perfect square, the Bishop's meanwhile becoming elongated, and the whole aspect softer and more gracious.

Such was my impression of him at our first interview at the pleasant town of Monmouth. He had come across to that place from Cambridge, soon after his consecration, for the purpose of holding his primary ordination. As I have thus adverted to my first interview, I am tempted to refer to my last interview with him on any public occasion, and recall what most struck me then. The latter occasion was his lordship's triennial visitation at Cowbridge. A whole generation had intervened between the two interviews, and as I gazed on the familiar face, once bright with the keen lustre of a powerful and polished intellect, but then furrowed and clouded with the toil and weight of upwards of eighty years, and as I marked the worn and feeble frame, bearing witness



as it did to the length and hardness of the struggle with the difficulties which had beset his path in the attempt to remove abuses and revive the Church, I could not but be conscious that his useful and honoured life was drawing to a close. And this anticipation recalled to mind the losses which the Church had already suffered in the removal of so many friends from among us. The Bishop, indeed, himself led to this train of reflection. At his age it was inevitable that he should pay the ordinary penalty of a long life, but it was nevertheless extremely touching to hear him allude to the decease of friends on whom he had been accustomed to lean, and whose loss he deplored as the greatest misfortune of his extended rule. He had the rare felicity of being associated with a band of men of great abilities and of a kindred spirit, who at his call had early rallied to his side and aided him in every effort that tended to the amelioration of the diocese. This was eminently the case with regard to his clerical brethren, but it was no less true with regard to the laity. In connection with these latter, mention might be made of Lord Tredegar, the amiable and generous head of the old British house of Ivor Hael; Mr. Capel Hanbury Leigh, Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire; Sir Thomas Phillips, Q.C., of Llanellen; Mr. Powel, of the Gaer; Mr. Priest Richards, of Cardiff; Mr. Addams Williams, of Llangibly Castle; Mr. Bruce Pryce, of

Duffryn ; Mr. George Thomas, of Ystrad ; Dr. Phillips, of Pontypool ; Rolls, of Hendre ; Rous, of Courtyrala ; the Currens, the Tylers, the Bookers, and the Nichols. This was, indeed, a page out of the chieftain's memorial record of his *emeriti milites* who had fallen in the front lines of the good fight of faith. They were missing, he told us, from the ranks of the Church militant, but found, as we might humbly hope, among the glorified ranks of the Church triumphant. These were all men of means, some of ample means, and most of them were besides men of cultivated minds and uncommon intellectual powers. They might, like many others, have hoarded their money in banks, and buried their talents in the earth, and, wrapped in purple and faring sumptuously every day, might never have given themselves the slightest trouble about the teeming masses at their very doors, who were perishing for lack of knowledge. They were, indeed, sorely missed, and earnestly we hoped that the children would arise and follow in their fathers' steps.

From this enumeration of departed worthies I return to the subject of our memoir. Alfred Ollivant was born at Manchester April 16, 1798. He was educated at St. Paul's School, London, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge.

It is but little we know of his school or undergraduate days. We are told that his conduct was

always exemplary. He must have applied himself both at school and college\* to his studies with unabated diligence, for we can best trace his career by the rapid succession of prizes he won, and the distinguished position he attained at the University and in the Church. He was Craven Scholar in 1820, Senior Chancellor's Medallist and Sixth Wrangler in 1821, Senior Member's Prizeman and Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholar 1822. He was also Prizeman Junior Bachelor. He was elected a Fellow of his college. He graduated as B.A. in 1821, as M.A. in 1824, and as B.D. and D.D. in 1836.

In 1827 he was appointed to the vice-principalship and professorship of theology and Greek at St. David's College, Lampeter. He was thus chosen to bear an important part in starting the only college which had existed in Wales for more than a thousand years, the previously ancient collegiate institutions, such as those at Llancarvan in South Wales, and at Bangor-is-coed, having long ago disappeared in the turbulent and wasteful times of the struggles of our ancestors against their numerous foreign invaders. The college owed its existence principally to Bishop Burgess. Until then the great majority of the Welsh clergy received their training at a few licensed Grammar Schools. From the poverty of the country in general, and especially of the class from which the supply could

\* He had the reputation of being one of 'Simeon's men' whilst at Cambridge.

be expected to come, it was vain to hope that the candidates for Holy Orders could go into residence at either of the English Universities ; and yet, from the precarious and miserable nature of the training afforded by the Grammar Schools, and the want of the discipline and supervision which is secured by living together within the precincts of one building, it was of the utmost importance that some scheme should be set on foot whereby the Church might be better served, and the clergy better fitted for the increasing culture and more varied and exacting requirements of the age. The schools, when under able and systematic management—and such management in any school is very uncertain and discontinuous—had no doubt rendered substantial service in their time, but they were now clearly out of date and utterly insufficient for the great and growing needs of the Church. These considerations must have weighed with the Bishop, and brought him to the conclusion that a collegiate institution was absolutely necessary. For the purpose of providing funds he proposed soon after his appointment that the clergy should do their best to collect subscriptions, and that every incumbent should contribute the tenth part of one year's income of his benefice, the Bishop himself contributing his proportionate share. It is highly to the credit of the clergy that they readily fell in with their Diocesan's project, and out of their deep poverty—for indeed a Welsh living in those days was proverbially a poor one,

barely supplying the means of subsistence—they cheerfully responded to his appeal. And the result, whilst it was a tangible proof of their willing obedience and great self-denial, shows at the same time the value of a steady perseverance and the power of one united effort and regulated mode of giving. It was found in the year 1820, that is, in the course of sixteen years after the start was made, that the sum total of contributions amounted to nearly £11,000. This sum, having been also supplemented by several handsome subscriptions, including £1,000 from his Majesty George IV., was thought sufficient to decide the promoters of the college to begin to build. The foundation-stone was laid August 11, 1822. Mr. Cockerell prepared the plans; the site was given by Mr. Harford, of Blaise Castle, and Lampeter town was the place chosen for the college. It is not easy to discover why Lampeter was chosen in preference to Carmarthen, which is contiguous to Abergwili, the residence of the Bishop of St. David's, or Brecon, where a noble collegiate church and ample educational means already existed. The situation of Lampeter, pleasant and healthy as it may be on the breezy uplands of Cardiganshire, and on the banks of the silvery Teivi, yet placed as it is in the midst of a sparse and poor population, and far away from the centres of industry and enterprise, has no doubt militated in some degree against the success of the college. The

college was opened on St. David's Day, 1827. And, as we stated, Professor Ollivant was appointed vice-principal. He was the first to occupy that position at St. David's College. He was followed by several distinguished vice-principals, who, as profound scholars and men of exalted character, reflected a lustre on the place; but it may be safely affirmed he stood second to none in the splendour of his mental endowments, in self-devotion to the interests of the college, and in salutary and permanent influence on the students. He soon became known as an able and conscientious teacher, an accurate and sound theologian, a strict disciplinarian, and as a wise master-builder who, in conjunction with his talented colleagues, was laying strong and deep the foundation of the infant institution which was to form and mould the moral and religious fortunes of the country for many years to come. His habits were simple, unobtrusive, and even abstemious. He was an early riser, and not unfrequently would in the winter months light his own fire and prepare his own cup of coffee. Among other studies, he entered on the acquisition of Welsh, and in his walks about the outskirts of the town would encourage the rural folk to converse with him in their own tongue, asking them at the same time to correct him when wrong in idiom or pronunciation. He keenly felt the insufficiency of the college endowments, more especially those in aid of poor meritorious

students. He wrote several admirable letters in the public prints on the subject, and brought his influence to bear with the same purpose on his friends in England. The result was that four scholarships, one bearing his name, were secured for the college. He had many difficulties to encounter at Lampeter, some being no doubt inseparable from such an undertaking as the establishment of a new college, others probably arising from local or individual peculiarities, and some, perhaps, from the unguarded admission of persons who were attracted by the prospect of an inexpensive theological training. One of these was Brother Prince, a man plausible in manners, prepossessing in appearance, and spoken of as a man of fervid piety and of habits of diligence that might soon compensate for his defective preparatory education. But his enthusiasm carried him beyond the bounds of prudence or discipline; and acting as it did on the emotional and unbalanced character of some of the students, together with his own low ambition and spirit of pride, which would brook no interference or accept any advice, it proved in the result well-nigh disastrous to the rising fortunes of Lampeter. His end was sad in the extreme. If common report be credited, he proclaimed himself to be the Paraclete, or the Third Person in the Blessed Trinity; and he set up, as is well known, a kind of communistic home in Somerset. He latterly professed that the day of grace was past,

the day of judgment come, and the number of the elect accomplished, who were, it seems, gathered with himself at his *Agapemone*, or abode of love.

In the year 1843 Dr. Ollivant became a candidate for the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. As was customary, he had to appear before the University with the other competitors and read a *Praelectio* on a given subject. The subject proposed at that time was a passage from the Epistle to the Romans bearing on justification. He took, of course, the Pauline view, and delivered a clear and closely-reasoned disquisition, setting forth in his own grave and earnest manner the doctrine of justification by faith. He was elected to the professorship. His discourse, as was stated in the public papers at the time, made a deep impression on the auditory no less by its evidence of the wide range of his theological learning and the chain of argument by which he conclusively proved the doctrine to be in unison with the standards of the Church, man's sinfulness, and God's absolute and eternal righteousness, than by the sincerity and strength of conviction by which he himself held it. The doctrines of grace were dear to Dr. Ollivant; he had a firm grasp on what are deemed the fundamental evangelical tenets, and he never preached with such animation, and such clear and undoubted indication that he spoke out of the abundance of the heart, as when he dwelt on them. He remained at Cambridge



for nearly seven years, discharging with his accustomed conscientious fidelity the duties of his office, and taking a prominent part besides in all that concerned the welfare of the place. His influence was continually increasing, and his reputation spreading beyond the walls of the University, pointing him out as one eminently qualified for the highest dignity in the Church. The call to the higher post came at length, and he accepted the Bishopric of Llandaff, which was offered him at the close of 1849 by Lord John Russell.

It was generally understood that Dr. Ollivant's knowledge of the Welsh language had a considerable share in influencing the Premier to appoint him. It is certain that the fact of his possessing such a knowledge, in addition to his high character, rendered the appointment popular. For some years an agitation in favour of the preferment of Welshmen to the ruling posts, as well as to the parochial benefices, of the Church, had been carried on by several influential persons, and had gained the entire sympathy of the native population. This movement commenced with some Welshmen who were located in the North of England. In common with many other young Welshmen of talent and honourable ambition, they had witnessed with sorrow and indignation the gross mismanagement of ecclesiastical affairs in the Principality, and felt so acutely the injustice of promoting

to the highest and most remunerative trusts utter strangers over the heads of the native clergy, that in a spirit of despondency they had left the country and gone to England. Some of these happening to reside in Yorkshire, and never ceasing to feel for the depressed state of the Welsh Church, and believing that the inconsistency and glaring wrong of which they complained had largely contributed to the alienation of many of the people from their ancestral fold, they formed an association for the purpose of reforming, if not destroying, the system which they so strongly condemned. They sought their object by the circulation of pamphlets, speeches at public meetings, and protests addressed to persons in authority, making it by these means more difficult every year for the English Government to neglect the reasonable demands of the Welsh people, and they claimed as the first-fruits of their efforts the appointment of Dr. Ollivant to Llandaff. When at Lampeter, Dr. Ollivant, as we before observed, had strenuously applied himself to the study of the Welsh language. Holding also in virtue of the vice-principalship the living of Llangeler, Carmarthenshire, it was his habit, when he went to reside there during his vacations, to share the duties with his curate, the Rev. John Griffiths, who was himself a man of great capacity and unsurpassed as a Welsh orator, and to mix freely with the parishioners. In this way the new Bishop had not only

made himself acquainted with the inner life of the Welsh people, but had also acquired a competent knowledge of the common idiomatic tongue.

1849 He was consecrated at the close of 1847. The diocese which he had to administer comprised Monmouthshire, and nearly the whole of Glamorganshire. It is one of the oldest in the kingdom. Tradition refers the first Christian place of worship founded at Llandaff to the second century. We have historical evidence of the existence of the See in the fifth century, and can trace its line of Bishops up to Dyfrig (Dubricius), who lived at that period. The name is a contraction of Llan ar Daf, the Church on the Taff. The city of Llandaff, which has recently increased to a considerable size, and contains now several houses of some architectural pretension, at the time of Dr. Ollivant's appointment was a cluster of irregular buildings of mean appearance, and barely entitling the place to the name of a respectable village.

The post to which Bishop Ollivant was called was an arduous one, and surrounded with exceptional difficulties. I do not think he was a man of a sanguine temperament; I rather believe his natural disposition was to take a depressing view of things. It is certain he had no overweening opinion of himself—he was really of an humble disposition, diffident and retiring; but he had a strong sense of duty, and an unwavering faith in the promise of the Divine

Master, whose he was and whom he served—‘I will be with thee ; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.’ And under that sense, and with that true faith, he arose when the solemn call came, and undertook the allotted task. Laborious as it was, and fraught with great and incessant anxiety, he at once, and with all his ability, applied himself to the work, and never slacked his hand, nor suffered anything to turn him aside, so long as a particle of available strength was left him. And he was permitted by a gracious Providence to be found so doing when his final release from earthly labour overtook him. As Aaron, the servant of the Lord, laid aside his ministerial work with his official vestments, so the subject of our memoir laid down the burden of all the churches but with his life.

The difficulties referred to arose partly from the accumulated arrears of work derived from the past, but chiefly from some exceptional events which had recently affected the condition of the diocese. The want of a resident Bishop had an injurious effect in many ways. For many generations the Bishops who occupied the See resided at a distance, and only occasionally visited their charge. The See was notoriously a poor one ; some of the Bishops complained that its revenue hardly paid the necessary expenses. The necessity of adding to their means frequently compelled them to hold some prefer-

ment in England which demanded a great portion of their time and attention. And the same impoverished state of the See made them also unduly anxious for translation, and caused them to look upon Llandaff as a stepping-stone to something better. Bishop Copleston, although he was at the same time Dean of St. Paul's, cannot be fairly placed in this category ; for he made it a point of residing among us as much as he possibly could. And he had, besides, most able and zealous coadjutors and advisers in the two Archdeacons—Archdeacon Crawley, of Bryngwyn, and Archdeacon Williams, of Llanvapley—who did their utmost to supply what was lacking, and to repair the old waste places. And it is undeniable that a strong healthy current of life was beginning to set in ; there was a noise and a shaking in the land, and every promise of the exceeding great expansion of energy and prosperous activity which we have lived to witness. But it must be confessed the bulk continued inert, and barely touched by the revival. Besides the spiritual deadness, there were other difficulties—topographical, linguistic, social, and ecclesiastical—which had to be faced and overcome.

As for the matter of a residential Bishop, that was at once settled by Dr. Ollivant coming to live among us. Llandaff possessed once a castellated mansion as the episcopal residence ; but it was in ruins, having been destroyed by Owen Glendower (*Glyndwr*), and

never restored. A house was provided for the new Bishop, which, though possessing no structural beauty, was commodious, and stood in a sheltered and genial spot. It was also a great advantage that it was close to the cathedral, nearly in the centre of the diocese, and within a short distance of the thriving town of Cardiff. It was greatly improved by Bishop Ollivant, and its hospitality was ever open to the laity and clergy. On the pavement of the portal of the palace might be read, on one side, 'Pax intrantibus,' and on the other, 'Salus exeuntibus,' thus welcoming the coming and speeding the departing guest.

The most formidable difficulties remain to be considered. An immense change had occurred in a short time in the aspect, condition, and requirements of the diocese, which reduced the Church, in many large and important districts, to a state of comparative impotence. It was not long since the two counties presented no material difference from the other Welsh counties. They presented the spectacle common to them all—a sparse rural population, hardy, industrious, and sufficiently shrewd, but quiet, sober, law-abiding, and preserving many of the habits and sentiments of feudal times, clannish in their relations, and attached to the soil and lord of the manor. The sea-board and valleys, by their pastoral beauty and warm, salubrious temperature, attracted and delighted many visitors; whilst the wild, rugged hills which abound in

Glamorganshire and the contiguous parts of Monmouthshire hardly ever tempted the most adventurous tourist to scale their heights, or traverse their dark and narrow, but romantic, gorges. But in the latter half of the last century it was discovered that these mountainous districts contained an inexhaustible store of iron-ore and coal, which, lying as they did near each other, could be worked with profit, and conveyed by means of canals to the coast, and shipped to foreign parts. These canals were in time superseded by the railway system, which again incalculably augmented the means of supplying the growing demand for such potent factors and incentives of commerce as iron and coal. These districts, therefore, with their large working establishments, their furnaces, coke ovens, and collieries, and with their high rate of wages, attracted immigrants from every part of the United Kingdom, and the population of the diocese increased at an amazing ratio. It was calculated at the beginning of the century to be 117,000; at the time of Dr. Ollivant's consecration it had risen to 350,000; whilst at the expiration of his episcopate that again had nearly doubled itself. These statistics may help us to realize the work that lay before him, unless, indeed, it was to be admitted that the Church was incompetent to deal with the problem of making provision for a population of such a rapid and still continuous growth. But it is only very partially that such statistics can

help us. The low moral and social condition of these congested districts must also be borne in mind. It is perfectly intelligible, and needs no comment, that the parochial provision meant for a few should break down under the pressure of unexpected multitudes. The situation was well described by Archdeacon Williams when, in a published letter, he wrote: 'Throughout the hill-country of the diocese may be found the grievous anomaly—the machinery and appliances of the Church originally designed for tens or, at most, for hundreds, standing in solemn mockery of the wants of thousands and tens of thousands.' But the situation was further embarrassed by what is known as the bilingual difficulty. This applied, indeed, more or less to all the Welsh parts, necessitating in many of them a double staff of clergy, and two different places of worship. But it appeared on a more conspicuous and less manageable scale in populous centres, where there was a larger mixture of English and Irish with the native inhabitants, many of these latter, too, being immigrants from the more pronounced Welsh counties of North Wales, as well as of South Wales. It would be no injustice to add that these centres of mining and manufacturing activity became the general resort of the loose and unsteady part of the population everywhere, and that no certificate of character was required of any applicant for employment—all were admitted, and no questions



asked ; indeed, it was currently believed that the wilder and more lawless characters were the best fitted for the rough and servile work exacted of them. And unhappily it was, moreover, too much the rule with the proprietors and directors of the huge industrial settlements which they had called into existence, and which yielded themselves colossal fortunes, to neglect the moral, and indeed the economical and social, welfare of the men in their employ. Whilst beer-shops abounded, and no moderating or civilizing influence was brought to bear on the low, vicious, and turbulent passions of human nature, except the constable's baton or the treadmill of the gaol, and whilst the truck system was rife, and no encouragement given to thrift and provident habits, it was no wonder that the blue-books, as the reports of the Government inspectors of the day were called, revealed a state of things disparaging to the fair fame of Wales, and fraught with danger to the community. Nor was it a surprise that these neglected portions of the diocese were the scenes of frequent riotous proceedings, and twice within a few years had to be put down by the military, when many lives were sacrificed, and property to a large extent destroyed.

Gloomy as was the outlook and doubtful as might be the issue to many who could not be designated as being of a timid disposition, or as possessing only a superficial knowledge of the situation, Bishop Ollivant

at once engaged in the work of reformation. He entered on it in such a deliberate and resolute manner, with so much sagacity and practical knowledge of the special needs of South Wales, that he soon gained the confidence of the diocese. He had an unshaken and abiding faith in the strength of a firm will, in honest work, in method, in brotherly co-operation, in Christian benevolence, in the value of ghostly counsel tenderly proffered and often repeated, in the faithful presentation of the truth to the intellect and consciences of men, and above all in the efficacy of prayer. He disdained the assumption that the Church of our forefathers, which had come down to us from the earliest ages, could be indifferent to the feelings of Welshmen, or unsuited to their habits and sentiments, or that the Welsh people were irrecoverably lost to it. 'Give us churches,' was his language; 'let those churches be supplied by able, zealous, well-instructed, and efficient clergymen, whose hearts are in their work, who do not seek the priest's office that they may live a life of indolence, but because with the Apostle they can say, "The love of Christ constraineth us," and because they long to communicate to others the blessings which they have learnt to appreciate themselves; give us these advantages, and if after that the Church does not commend herself to their judgment, and attach them as far as reasonably can be expected to her fold, then indeed,

but not till then, we shall be content to admit that there is no hope, that the people have strayed for ever into other pastures, and that it is vain to expect their return.\*

Surveying his destined field of labour with a clear and discerning eye, he rapidly appreciated its peculiar circumstances, and the form which the remedial measures should chiefly take. He came to the conclusion that the most pressing wants were more pastors, with a greater elasticity of the parochial system, the restoration of the cathedral, a more substantial recognition of the claims of St. David's College, a more vigorous support of the National Schools, a greater number of places of public worship, the repair and enlargement of many of the existing churches, and the subdivision of the largest and most populous parishes, some of these being of an enormous extent, such as Bedwellty with its 26,000 acres, Aberdare with 32,300, Llantrisant with 19,000, Ystradysfodwy with 24,000, and Cadoxton juxta Neath with over 31,000. No time was lost in endeavouring to accomplish these objects. After a consultation with Archdeacon Williams on the exigences of the diocese, who agreed with the Bishop that these had come to a head and required prompt and strenuous treatment, his lordship appealed to the public for aid, and called two meetings, the one at Bridgend and

\* Charge, 1869.

the other at Newport, at which was inaugurated the Llandaff Church Extension Society. He also founded the Llandaff Home Mission Society. He formed a scheme for assisting young men of ability and piety to go into residence at Lampeter. He assisted in the formation of the Llandaff Choral Association. He used his best efforts to further the objects of the two diocesan Education Boards. He took an active part in establishing a House of Mercy at Llandaff. He rearranged many of the rural deaneries in order to render them more manageable and effective. He was indeed unwearied in devising and establishing methods for the extension of Church work and Church influence, and in superintending and maintaining in efficiency the various activities he called into being. Nor must it be forgotten that, in addition to his exertions on behalf of the Church in the two home counties, he habitually rendered most valuable help to obtain grants from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in augmentation of small livings and the maintenance of curates in populous parishes. There is reason to believe that it was chiefly in consequence of his representations of the necessity of such a step that the Commissioners offered to meet with equal grants contributions towards the stipends of curates in mining districts, which have proved such a boon to this diocese. His great influence also was invariably sought by over-worked incumbents, and cheerfully

given in their behalf with the two great London societies, the Pastoral Aid and the Additional Curates' Aid.

The results exceeded the highest expectations. In the course of his episcopate no less a sum than £360,000 was raised and spent on material and structural church work, some 170 churches having been built, rebuilt, or restored and enlarged, as well as many new parsonage houses erected, and the number of resident incumbents thereby greatly augmented. Many populous parishes were also divided and new ecclesiastical districts formed and endowed; the number of the administrations of the Lord's Supper increased, the Lord's day and the greater holy days of the Christian year generally better observed, and the attendance on all the means of grace immensely improved. And—what must have given the Bishop greater and more unalloyed satisfaction than any external improvement, or the more perfect adjustment of the machinery—the whole moral and religious tone of the community was perceptibly raised, a distinct and unequivocal step was made in advance in practical consistency with religious privileges. The Divine blessing had produced fruit not wholly disproportioned to the need, and may we reverently add not wholly disproportioned either to the promised spiritual harvest, the reward of the faithful and diligent labourer in his Lord's vineyard.

The restoration, too, of the cathedral was com-

pleted during his episcopate. The first building for Christian worship at Llandaff is ascribed to the second century, but this must have been an insignificant sanctuary or chapel constructed of clay and wattles, rather than what we designate as a church, for even so late as the sixth century, at the time of Bishop Dyfrig (Dubricius), the church there is described as being of such small dimensions as 28 feet long by 15 wide, and 20 feet high, with two aisles and a circular porch. But gradually this gave way to a cathedral of noble proportions and great beauty standing on the same secluded spot, by the pleasant banks of the Taff. But unhappily it was suffered to fall into decay, and when the late Bishop entered on his administration he found it in a deplorable state. A long-standing legacy of material dilapidation and a lamentable deficiency of religious ministrations were thus bequeathed to him, which required unusual efforts to remove. It might well be that the boldest and the most willing to engage in ventures of faith should hesitate to undertake the work of reparation. But undeterred by the magnitude of the enterprise, he cheerfully took up the task, and in conjunction with others, his zealous fellow-labourers, succeeded in restoring the cathedral to more than its pristine splendour, and by supplying it with its due appointment of clergy and stated services in rendering it what the mother church should be, a pattern and an incentive

to the daughter churches, a centre of devotional life and light to the diocese. Mr. Freeman, a distinguished authority on the subject, has stated that this restoration, taken all in all, is undoubtedly the greatest work of the kind that has taken place in England or Wales since that of Lichfield Cathedral in 1661. I recollect how deeply affected our Bishop was on the day of the final opening of his cathedral. It was unusual with him to show any strong feeling. Naturally he was reticent and self-restrained. It was more impressive therefore when the singularly firm, strong voice, in giving the benediction, exhibited the intensity of his feeling, giving it as he did in subdued, faltering, failing accents, not unaccompanied with tears. We could well understand that the summit of his desires was attained, and he could then adopt Lord Verulam's saying, 'Above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is, *Nunc Dimittis, Domine.*'

It is needless to refer to his occasional publications or to his periodical charges, worthy as these latter are of study and grateful commemoration. They deal, with his usual carefulness and ability, with the topics presented by the graver passing events of the day. He never failed to stimulate and encourage his clergy to make full proof of their ministry. It was noticed that latterly he dwelt more especially on the necessity laid on ministers to cultivate personal piety. He seemed to anticipate Lord Selborne's emphatic counsel, 'Be spiritual, Be spiritual, Be spiritual.'

The public discussions into which he was drawn may be also summarily dismissed. It may have been a surprise to many that one of his pacific disposition should ever engage in controversy. But it may be explained no doubt by the relative importance of the matter in question to the well-being of those for whom he was bound to care, as well as by his own pure and unyielding love of truth. This was the case in the debate between him and Dr. Rowland Williams. If Dr. Williams had not been so closely connected in public estimation with himself and his diocese, I do not believe the Bishop would have taken any step to pass a public animadversion on his views. Dr. Ollivant had been partly instrumental in placing Dr. Williams at St. David's College, Lampeter. It was a college for which he cherished the warmest attachment, and from which alone the Diocese of Llandaff could hope to obtain the greater number of its clergy. The Bishop keenly resented his misplaced confidence, and believing that the teaching of which he disapproved would prove detrimental to the prosperity and usefulness of the college, he did his best to undo the mischief, and in the angry correspondence which ensued successfully maintained his ground.

Some time before the end it was manifest that the Bishop's strength was failing. He had occupied the See for thirty-three years, and lived to be the senior Bishop on the Bench. But if his mortal powers were waning, his Christian graces were ever growing more



mature, and presenting a lovelier aspect to the beholder. On the occasion of consecrating a new church shortly before his death, he exhorted his hearers to imitate in their Christian race the unhasting, unresting course of the sun, and dwelt on the blessedness of a calm and brightly serene setting of life, quoting in his own simple but inimitably grave and effective manner Dr. Watts' hymn for children :

'How fine has the day been ! how bright was the sun ;  
How lovely and joyful the course he has run !  
Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun,  
And there followed some droppings of rain ;  
But now the fair traveller comes to the west,  
His rays are all gold and his beauties are best,  
He paints the sky gay, as he sinks to his rest,  
And foretells a bright rising again.

'Just such is the Christian : his course he begins,  
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,  
And melts into tears, then he breaks out and shines,  
And travels his heavenly way ;  
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,  
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,  
Of rising in brighter array.'

Such—in the manner thus beautifully portrayed—was, as we may well believe, the Bishop's own closing scene.

It was but a month before his decease that the Right Hon. Lord Aberdare had presented him, in the presence of a large audience at the Town Hall at Cardiff, with his portrait, taken by Mr. Oules, R.A.,

as a testimony of the esteem and affection of the diocese. He died December 16, 1882. He lies interred in the churchyard of Llandaff Cathedral. It only remains here to add that Mrs. Ollivant survived him, but died July 13, 1886. Charlotte Elizabeth Ollivant, a daughter, died July 4, 1886. Frances, another daughter, and wife of the Rev. W. E. Welby, died July 3, 1875. Two sons survive, the younger of whom is Joseph Earle Ollivant, M.A., who is barrister-at-law, and Chancellor of the dioceses of Llandaff and St. David's.

I do not profess to have been admitted into any particular intimacy with the deceased prelate, but, from having known him during his whole administration of the diocese, I may be permitted to add here a few disconnected remarks on some aspects of his character, and some notes of individuality such as might from time to time have struck the most cursory observer who enjoyed any frequent and friendly intercourse with him.

I do not think Bishop Ollivant cared much for metaphysical abstractions, the free speculations of modern science, or for theological theories which, however plausible in themselves, in any way ran counter to well-established dogma or the teaching of his earlier years, associated as these were with his best and holiest aspirations and strivings, any more than he cared much for elaborated construction in literary

work, the artful turns and cadences of rhetoric, or the subtle and intricate beauties of poetry, depending as these often do on remote analogies, verbal harmonies, or on an ideal which, after all, perhaps is unattainable, if not indeed altogether illusory. Flights of the imagination and oratorical flourishes had no attraction for him. His mode of thinking was plain and straightforward, and not to be overborne and carried away by abstruse problems which he could not fathom, or seduced into any flowery paths which, however inviting, led to no point of any importance. He required facts to repose on or to start from. The late Mr. Matthew Arnold would perhaps have taken him as an honest specimen of the genuine Saxon, without any, or at all events with very slight, admixture of the distinctive qualities of the Celt. His mental calibre was solid and well wrought, but not inventive ; his repertory well furnished, but not rich ; his insight keen, but wanting perhaps in breadth. He had all the directness and sureness in attack which are always the most formidable, but he had none of the adroitness of the practised controversialist. Veracity was the fundamental constituent of his intellectual character, simplicity his chosen mode of procedure, and fruit, in the Baconian sense, or utility, in Paley's famous diction, his primary object. In this he was indeed a true son of Cambridge, his *alma mater*, and the recognised home of logic and definite practical aims.

But whatever limit might be assigned to his intellectual or literary affinities, his sense of duty was absolute and entire, and he gave himself to its discharge without reserve, and to its uttermost demand. The moral element beyond a doubt predominated in him. This, we are ready to say, became his sacred office. It is what we should expect as a matter of course in a professed teacher of ethics, and a director of others who were tied to the same vocation. But it has been questioned whether it was not unduly prominent, so prominent as to become really oppressive from its constant and clinging presence, and from its insistence by the master at all times and on all occasions. There can be no doubt that unless controlled and modified by other and counteracting influences such an element, so paramount in its claims, so boundless in its domain—every little detail, as well as the whole tenor of life, falling under its sway—is apt to set up an iron despotism which subdues and contracts the intellect, depresses the affections, and chills the genial current of the soul. Religion then, and too often religion in its inferior form and least interesting aspect, is thought to be not only the first but the sole object of all teaching and of all action, as we know was the case with many of the mediæval saints, and as it was said was the case with the late Cardinal Newman at one period of his life. I do not mean to assert this of Bishop Ollivant, but there was even with

him a strong tendency that way, to the exclusion of what has been termed humanism. But it should in justice be added that if we might desire a fuller and franker recognition of the composite nature of man, and of the diverse claims of his many-coloured life, we owe the Bishop a debt of gratitude, which we can never adequately pay, for impressing on us, as he never failed to do, the supreme importance of duty and of its correlative practice. A good, useful, upright life was with him above all Grecian and all Roman fame.

On this ground of ethics, again, his teaching has not escaped criticism of another kind. It has been stated that, of all obligations, he set the greatest weight—a weight, indeed, inconsistent with the dispensation of grace—on law, law external, in the letter, written on tables of stone, without, as I need not add, superseding or ostensibly undervaluing the intrinsic law, written by the Spirit of God on fleshy tables of the heart. But it was manifest, we were told, that the liberty of the latter was less appreciated than the precision and peremptoriness of the former. He had not the hardihood any more than the will to step beyond the prescript and the ordinance. His horizon seemed bounded by the Ten Commandments; they were the end as well as the rule of life. The great reward from keeping them was projected to such a dim and remote distance as barely to be seen and felt as a solace and

an incentive, and was discounted by the hardness of the struggle to attain it. The light that shone from heaven was primarily meant to summon and guide us to our work and to our labour. Life was a talent, a continuous task, a solemn trust for which to its minutest fragment we should be held liable to a Master who was hard at the reckoning. Ever and anon were we reminded of the bond to which we were irretrievably committed, and from which we could expect no respite and no relief. If there was, indeed, any real foundation for this sort of criticism it must have been very slight. But in consequence of the supposed prominence given to these views, our Bishop for some years was placed in the category of preachers of 'legality,' such being the preposterous term used by some English, and notably by many Welsh divines. It may nevertheless be noticed that the strict and undeviating rule was most consonant with his own temperament and predilection, as well as, perhaps, best recommended by his wide experience. He once told me, quoting, I think, Lord Bacon, that of all the old heathen philosophies the noblest was the Stoic, and that self-denial lay at the core of the Christian religion. He might also have purposely dwelt so strongly on the obvious, definitive, and undeniable rule of life that he might help to countervail the tendencies of the Welsh people, who are too much given to the emotional side of religion. We are said to cultivate the 'experimental'

(to use again the language of the sects) at the expense of the practical. We delight to dwell on particular 'frames' of mind, but do not sufficiently study the regulative precepts of the Gospel. We set a great store on the affections, but are perhaps too careless in exhibiting the corresponding and verifying fruits of the Spirit. Plain, solid, positive, practical theology might have been needed as a corrective for these popular tendencies.

On another doctrinal subject he was found in opposition to the prevailing sentiments of the Welsh. In the last century the evangelical clergy, who by their unwearied activity and impassioned style of preaching kindled the enthusiasm of the Welsh, and moulded and stereotyped the popular theology, committed themselves, almost to a man, to the characteristic tenets of Calvinism. In this they were followed, and perhaps, in the undiluted and indiscriminate form in which these tenets were embraced, were surpassed, by nearly all the Dissenting denominations. For more than a century and a half the five controverted points were familiar to the least educated of our mechanics and peasants, and no religious ministry in Wales was acceptable unless it was sound after the Genevan pattern. Contrary to what was the case seventy or eighty years ago, we are no longer disturbed on the subject. A truce seems to have been agreed on by the disputants. The contest, indeed, may be said to

have died away from sheer exhaustion. On the cessation of the Crusades, the historian remarks that a 'deep and solemn silence prevailed along the coast which once resounded with the world's debate.' In like manner the controversy between Calvinism and Arminianism, once so bitter, so prolonged, so full of animated interest for some of the finest and strongest intellects in Christendom, and so momentous in its consequences, convulsing as it did in its course so many Churches, and threatening destruction to some States, is apparently at an end. A period of wise tolerance, perhaps of abatement of religious zeal, has set in. But if we are deprived of a fertile theme for disquisition and metaphysical display, we are spared the pain and perplexity of following guides who reason high of

'Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And find no end, in wandering mazes lost.'

In any case, the peace we enjoy on the subject is in strange contrast to the turbulence of the period subsequent to the Reformation. It may be instructive to know that Bishop Ollivant was a decided Arminian, and was in the habit of dwelling much and earnestly, in his public teaching, on the freedom of the will, universality of redemption, man's responsibility, and the necessity of giving all diligence 'lest any man fail of the grace of God.'



The Bishop's teaching was wholly based on religion, as his life was wholly regulated by it. He could not accept the theory which since his decease has obtruded itself in such a startling manner on the public, that education can be separated from religion. He held the lessons of religion to be indispensable to the formation of a virtuous character, and the growth and sustentation of national morality. When revolving these counsels of hoary wisdom, we are brought into close personal contact with their visible fruits as exhibited by our late beloved Bishop and others of a kindred spirit and conversation, or when we contemplate the same essential features as reproduced faintly indeed in comparison, but very perceptibly, in a whole community, we are led to ask, Is such teaching become obsolete? can it be safely neglected? or, can it ever be superseded? For the effects of religious Christian teaching we have two thousand years to appeal to. And unquestionably the past, rich as it is with great and glorious results, the proud and triumphant spoils gathered from every land, and from all sorts and conditions of men, amply vindicates such teaching. But we have lived to hear of the inadequacy of Christianity as an all-round system of philosophy, and of its certain and inevitable decay on account of its inherent imperfection. Other systems on which man should fashion his life are offered us. They are spoken of as agnosticism,

secularism, altruism, hedonism, theosophy, and even as the unerring and incontestable lessons of physical science. We are seriously advised to betake ourselves to these in view of the astounding march of civilization and the perfectibility of the race. The Christian religion has been sufficiently tried, and has been found wanting. At any rate, it has not provided for that full fruition for which man craves. His circle of enjoyment is incomplete, it is marred by superstitious fears, it is contracted by unwarrantable restraints—nay, a whole segment, appertaining to the senses, is repressed if not ruthlessly cut out. It is true, indeed, that enjoyment or happiness should be an object of desire, but, then, in order to be true and really without a flaw, it must be happiness such as results from the higher dominating over the lower parts of our nature, and such as flows from the pure and perennial sources of goodness, rather than from the turbid streams of passion, or even the most copious streams of knowledge. And the most sincere Christians have been always the happiest as well as the best men. We do not doubt that ‘the excellent of the earth,’ to whom we refer, were imperfect, and fell short of what they should be. No one would acknowledge this more freely than themselves. But can we ever hope to equal them, much less surpass them, except by the same means and under the same influences as formed and sustained their characters? And as for society, if

the individual man has been altogether improved and elevated by Christianity, the indebtedness of communities, of men in the aggregate, and as living under organized institutions, cannot be disputed. Individual specimens of moral excellence, such as Socrates, Xenophon, Cicero, Marcus Aurelius and Antoninus, though rare, might yet be found in ancient heathendom, but the bulk of mankind unquestionably remained unenlightened and in a state of hopeless degradation. It is Christianity that has given a decided and incalculable lift to the whole mass, and which has formed stable and righteous Governments and States, planting them on reason, on sympathy, on even-handed justice, and on the principle of necessary and progressive improvement. It has consecrated humanity, has imparted a dignity and splendour to the commonest earthly lot, and given us in the Church the conception of a universal family and an equal home, as well as the most benevolent rules and the strongest motives for observing them. It tells us that we are all brethren, having one Father, one Redeemer, one Comforter. It bids us to be sympathetic, compassionate, and courteous, to bear one another's burdens, and to love one another even as God in Christ has loved us. In comparison, what is Plato's fabled Republic or More's Utopia? What my Lord Verulam's New Atlantis? What the dreams and visions of the most ardent political reformers and theorists? And what can be 'the good time coming,' the yearning of so many fond hearts, and the object of

the efforts of so many a strong hand, but the realization of the aim and purport and the constituted work of the Christian religion? It is absolutely certain that as the past, with its transcendent achievements, is its own, so all the hope of the future rests with it.

But, then, it is implied that the ultimate phase of character must be different to what we have been accustomed. The type must be altered and drawn on other lines, and therefore formed under another sort of training. The spiritual part of our nature, or that part of us which under the stimulus of conscience and the aspirations towards a Divine ideal is capable of becoming spiritual, need not trouble us any further; we were solely meant for and best employed about the intellectual, the social, the æsthetic, and the material. This kind of instruction, it is evident, must undermine and overthrow, not only the supremacy but the very nature of virtue, as virtue has been understood by the wisest and most intelligent of our race, and must inevitably lead to the uncontrolled dominion of the senses. But for us the warning is too authentic, and has too often been verified to let it pass by unheeded. 'If ye live after the flesh ye shall die, for to be carnally-minded is death, but to be spiritually-minded is life and peace.'

But, moreover, it is asserted at present that a wonderful transformation has taken place in what is commonly called 'the world.' We are told that all the strictures we have heard from the right rev. prelate and other

like-minded divines on 'evil communications,' on the 'poms and vanities' of the age, and on 'this present wicked world,' were misplaced. The old English, and, for the matter of that, the old Welsh, safeguards of piety are superfluous and out of fashion. Modern requirements demand a readjustment of the relations between religion and its surroundings. Scenes and occupations which are in themselves matters of indifference should not alarm us on account of their supposed objectionable tendencies. The suspicious symptoms are confessedly incidental, and not inherent. 'Evil to him who evil thinks,' and 'to the pure all things are pure.' Such a sentiment wins the sympathy of the young, but it presupposes undoubtedly such a stable walk and such an advanced stage in the Christian course as all have not attained. A fearless demeanour, and a free participation in the popular amusements and pastimes of the day, may perhaps be innocently indulged, but the indulgence cannot be altogether unaccompanied with danger. The respective provinces of the secular and religious have not been indeed as yet satisfactorily delimited. Possibly, after all the labours of the casuists and the instructions of the directors of souls, they never can be accurately delimited. So much must necessarily be left to each individual person. And it is probably best that it should be so. 'For what man knoweth the things of a man save the

spirit of the man which is in him? Who but the man himself knows best his own temperament and the sin which so easily besets him? Every Christian, therefore, should be as a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven, and should be in a great measure a law unto himself. But painful experience will admonish us that for safety that self-imposed law had better err on the side of strictness than of latitude. It must not be forgotten that man in his best estate, and throughout his whole career, is here placed under discipline, on probation, and in a moral sanatorium, where he is intended for a course of careful regimen and wise therapeutic treatment, and where he is enjoined to guard against the cold currents which chill, and the heated atmosphere which over-excites—against everything, in fact, which may retard his restoration to perfect health. We sometimes idly wish it were otherwise. We would all, it may be, but too willingly, in an unguarded or weary moment, give in to the free and easy mode which is in vogue around us. Vanity Fair fascinates us in spite of ourselves. Irresistibly and irrevocably drawn, as we hope we are, to the narrow path which we know is the path that leadeth unto life, we cannot but sigh now and then in sympathy with those who would step out from the precincts, so carefully fixed and fenced by ancient prudence and piety, and roam about in the sunshine and the warmth which seem to lie so enticingly beyond. We are

then, it might be said, in a strait between two poles of attraction, or, varying the metaphor, fallen into a place where two seas meet. In such a mood and under such circumstances, we read, it may be, two pages in the lives of two different men, and are ready to imagine that the one might be the complement of the other. If both could be combined and possessed at the same time in their entirety, would not the stock of enjoyment be increased, and one of the wants of the age met? We read with deep and appreciative interest of Cowper's pious and useful life: how he applied himself to literature, to self-improvement, and to the beneficent work of reclaiming the vicious, teaching the ignorant, and succouring the sick and needy, and then, after a walk along the country lanes or on the banks of the Ouse, how he led the devotions of the poor parishioners, and, with the help of a harpsichord and some hymns of Martin's collection, how he joined to make up a concert of praise to God, in which the heart was the best performer. How exquisite are the strains which we are permitted to hear as he sings in his humble and obscure retirement! It is impossible for the least susceptible to spiritual aspirations not to feel the beauty and the bliss of the religious life, as delineated in his verse:

‘ The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who worship Thee.

There if Thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God !  
There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays,  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.'

On the other hand, there is a charm of its own in the narrative of Gibbon, representing as it does quite an idyll of Arcady, or some other old-world pleasaunce ; but the charm, it must be confessed, is weakened, if not utterly destroyed, whenever our better feelings awake, and we begin to suspect the confirmed voluptuary in the erudite recluse, and anticipate the biographer's revelation that Gibbon, with all his accomplishments, had no spiritual affections, 'that his cheek rarely flushed in enthusiasm for a good cause, and that his character showed a prevailing want of moral elevation and nobility of sentiment.' It is added, 'he was of the earth earthy,' and it is impossible to get over the fact. But of him, too, we read how, in his pleasant seclusion at Lausanne, he devoted himself with equal assiduity with that of Cowper to the service of literature, and then, after taking a stroll in his *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commanded an unrivalled prospect of country, town, lake, and mountain, how he went and spent his evenings at the card-table, the theatre, and the assembly-room,



where both sexes freely mixed in the dance, and where wit and hilarity, with some choice madeira, helped to enliven existence. Here are two pictures, neither of which can be without attraction, so long as we are subject to conflicting impulses, affections, and aspirations. Whether the two can be combined without detriment to our highest interests, or without, indeed, the sure effacement of one or the other, is doubtful. And the doubt is intensified when we observe that if the grosser obtrusion of vice is no longer tolerated, the arts and appliances of luxury for the corruption of manners are a hundredfold increased; and if more refined and less open to public censure, they may nevertheless be aptly compared to the modern arms of precision, which are longer in range and more deadly in execution than the rude weapons they superseded. For ourselves we would dread any experiment which might be hazardous, if not fatal, to peace of mind and purity of heart. We would prefer to walk in the good old paths, and range ourselves by the side of our old venerated teachers, and still listen to the familiar voices which guided and hallowed our youth, and unfolded for us the blessedness of discretion and of the fear of the Lord. *Vivamus dum vivimus* indeed, but then let us live in the noblest way, to the best purpose, under the highest sanction, and with the fullest assurance of the Divine Master's approbation.

“Live whilst you live,” the epicure would say,  
And seize the pleasures of the passing day ;  
“Live whilst you live,” the sacred Preacher cries,  
“And give to God each moment as it flies.”  
Lord ! in my view let both united be,  
I live in pleasure whilst I live to Thee.’

But to advert now to some characteristic personal traits, and to what has been denominated the ‘minor morals.’ Bishop Ollivant was symmetrical in bodily frame, remarkably upright in his bearing, capable of great endurance, altogether of a superior build and look. He was methodical in his habits, precise and particular as to his personal appearance, deliberate in speech, with a voice which was firm and manly in tone, and with a manner which, although naturally of a lofty courtliness, was ordinarily affable, and, when he was pleased, possessing a special charm.

It was thought at one time that he was too austere and reserved for one in his public position, too sparing of the small courtesies of social life, not sufficiently compliant with the light moods and passing needs of society. The charge had, perhaps, some foundation, if applied to the first years of his residence among us. It is certain it could not be alleged against him during the latter part of his episcopate. Age mellowed and sweetened him. It was generally remarked after some public official function, such as a Confirmation, how contentedly he would sit down with perhaps a dozen clergymen and clergymen’s

wives, and a few laymen, and when an unlimited amount of trivial conversation was carried on, how gentle he was and how meek, listening complacently for hours, and now and then taking part in the current colloquial surplusage.

His elocution was considered perfect. Every word and every syllable were distinctly enunciated, and while the sentences followed each other in one continuous musical flow, the emphatic parts were duly but very gently accentuated. Perhaps it was from the conscious difficulty which one of the Celtic race (who have no letter corresponding to the sound of the English *z*) finds in the sibilants, but I for one could never fail to admire the softness which he contrived to impart to such words as righteousness, trespasses, distresses, offences, his sake, his service, etc. The smoothness of his pronunciation of such words as beseech, gracious, she, sheep, shade, surely, propitiation, etc., would have gone far to remove Milton's aversion to the *sh*. He took some pains once in teaching me to give its proper differentiating sound to *o* in Holy Ghost, and to pronounce the *w* in such words as wood, woman, etc., and the *y* in you, ye, year, yield, etc., the unsophisticated Welshman being apt to drop them altogether. He said *contèmpplate*, *commùne*, *accèptable*, *accèssory*, *Deuterònomy*, *demònstrate*, etc., as I have marked them. His pronunciation of God had none of the Oxonian drawl. He said *Llandàff*, plac-

ing the accent on the last syllable, approximating thus to the Welsh accentuation, and following Pope, in his well-known couplet,

‘ See  
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker’s wife,  
Outdo Llandaff in doctrine—yea, in life.’

He required the grounds of any allegation made which was new or in any way strange to him. I found him once suffering from rheumatism, and unwittingly recommended the free use of flannel, more particularly Welsh flannel. He questioned me as to my reasons for recommending Welsh in preference to English or foreign flannel. I wished him, I think, to believe that it was more closely and carefully woven. To this he would by no means assent. How could the machinery or manipulation be better in Wales than in England? After some shuffling, I am afraid, on my part, I told him at last that the wool of the Welsh mountain sheep was shorter and finer than that of the English sheep. This seemed to satisfy him, and he promised to ask Mrs. Ollivant to order him some ‘good Welsh flannel.’ But the closeness of the cross-examination impressed me with the necessity of abstaining from making an assertion without sufficient proof to support it.

He once spent a Sunday with the squire of the parish where I was the Welsh curate. I had been, at that time, only a few months in Holy Orders. To my

surprise and the great delight of my humble congregation—for, ‘indeed, we were but a company of poor men’—the Bishop came to the Welsh afternoon service, unattended, of course, by any member of the squire’s family. In those days Welsh services were discountenanced, and if possible altogether set aside by the upper and wealthier classes, and the Welsh curate invariably put and kept in the background. I preached on the text, ‘Where is God my Maker, who giveth me songs in the night?’ and dwelt no doubt more on the dark and dismal night than on the alleviating songs. He came to the vestry after the service, and after passing some complimentary remarks, expressed his hope that the calamitous incidents which I had so pathetically bewailed had formed no part of my own personal experience. I was surely too young to have suffered much. I hastened to relieve him on that point, my life having been, on the whole, very happy. The sermon, I told him, was an adaptation into Welsh of one published by the Rev. Daniel Moore of Camberwell. He then took occasion, in a kind but earnest manner, to impress on me the duty of cultivating reality in my discourses, reality in sentiment as well as in speech. Factitious sentiment and affected language should be avoided by every good minister of Jesus Christ.

His charities were numerous, and always conferred with a gracious kindness, which enhanced the value of the gift to the grateful recipient. Several instances

fell under my own observation. Many years ago a clergyman in a neighbouring parish to my own died and left his widow in straitened circumstances. The Bishop asked me to call on her and in his name present her with £10, requesting me at the same time to be as considerate as possible in the way in which I gave her the money.

Hooker, Bull and Pearson, he considered, I believe, the best exponents of the teaching of the Church. For devotional reading he thought highly of the works of Archbishop Leighton. He deprecated the modern development of what is known as the sacerdotal and sacramental system. His own taste in public worship was for simplicity, but a simplicity that was not incongruous with refinement. George Herbert's *via media* suited him best, 'neither too mean nor yet too gay.'

He was not one of the modern species of Bishops, who with many shining qualities are said to be officious and incurably restless, giving themselves much needless trouble, and worrying their clergy about details of parochial work, and about new and ever newer improvements in ecclesiastical means and methods. It is also said that Bishop Samuel Wilberforce first introduced the type among us. The system which his example produced has been adopted, no doubt, from the best motives, but it causes a chronic state of irritation, and cannot fail to interrupt and hinder the

faithful pastor in the more essential part of his sacred functions, the promoting and deepening of the spiritual life, and is, moreover, slightly inconsistent with self-respect, and even the independence of the ministry of the Church of England. I cannot but think that it is as alien to the genius of our people and the constitution of our Church, as it is destructive of the dignity of any worthy labour. In my young days of house-keeping, when I first prided myself on having a garden, I could not refrain from going out from my study every half-hour and giving peremptory directions to the gardener what to do and how to do it, and never forgot to tell him to push on. But the gardener at last remonstrated, and solemnly informed me that I caused his life to be a burden to himself and his work less effective than otherwise it would be. The long and short of it was, he must either leave my service or I cease my constant interference. Reflection, experience, and I hope some degree of fraternal sympathy, came to the gardener's aid, and the lesson was then learnt that continual interference must be irksome and unjust to the professional worker, as well as detrimental to the work itself. Bishop Ollivant was, I repeat, of the old approved English type of a Christian Bishop. He reposed a large measure of confidence in his clergy. Like Dr. Arnold in his dealings with others, he appealed to a sense of honour, he relied on the inherent power of example, of sympathy and of love, and, as with Dr. Arnold, the principle

wrought wonders. He transformed and elevated the diocese, and won for himself the lasting esteem and affection of all his brethren and fellow-helpers.

How greatly and how widely he was esteemed and loved was unmistakably shown by the numerous assemblage, coming from all parts of the country, and representing all orders and classes, which met at his funeral and followed his remains to the tomb. Differing, as we necessarily were, on that mournful occasion in personal temperament, social position, and the standpoint from which we severally contemplated the departed Bishop, we were all united in one common feeling of admiration of his life and labours, and in one great and irrepressible sorrow for our loss. When we called to mind his inflexible love of justice, his love of order, his adherence to duty, his firm and fearless cast of mind, his elevated tone of sentiment, his dignified deportment, and other marked features of his natural character, we felt that we had lost a rare modern sample of antique worth, one who belonged to an imperial breed of men, being one, indeed, of the worthiest of all the number and entitled to the highest memorial commendation, *Hunc unum plurimi consentiunt Romæ primarium fuisse virum*. But it was on the great master in Israel, the sagacious ruler over the household of faith, the vigilant Bishop who took care of the Church of God, the humble and consistent servant of Christ, who had gone in and out among us, that our most earnest thoughts and tenderest affections



were fixed, as we stood there by the open grave, sorrowing most of all that we should see his face no more. But we felt that the salutary recollection of his profound piety, his loving counsels, his constant solicitude for the well-being of us all, and the entire consecration of himself to his apostolic work, would always abide with us, and to many of us would come back, through all the years of our mortal existence, the old familiar voice, reminding us with added solemnity, 'I was with you as a father, exhorting and comforting and charging every one of you, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto His kingdom and glory.'\*

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#### BISHOP OLLIVANT'S PUBLISHED WORKS.

1. A Sermon preached at the consecration of St. David's College, Lampeter. 1827.
  2. The Necessity of a Decent Celebration of Public Worship. A Sermon. 1828.
  3. An Analysis of the Text of the History of Joseph. 1828.
  4. A National School Sermon. 1831.
  5. The Principles that should Influence a Christian Student. A Sermon. 1841.
  6. The Introductory Lecture to the Course delivered before the University of Cambridge in Lent Term. 1844.
  7. A Few Remarks upon the Missionary Bishops' Bill and the Church Protestant Defence Society. 1854.
  8. Some Remarks on the Condition of the Fabric of Llandaff Cathedral. 1856.
  9. On the Evangelical Movement of the Eighteenth Century.
  10. Charges at Visitations. 1851-1881.
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\* 1 Thess. ii. 11, 12.

*BISHOP THIRLWALL.*



CONNOP THIRLWALL, D.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

WHO would be the successor of the amiable but slightly insignificant deceased prelate, Dr. Jenkinson, to the See of St. David's was a subject of grave speculation and keen interest in the circle in which I found myself when just entering on my thirteenth year. Many names were mentioned, and one name especially around which the nascent hopes and aspirations of the Welsh people had gathered some years before, and which a true bard, in lines exquisitely beautiful from their harmony, and exquisitely touching from their allusion to the fallen state of the British Church, and their prediction of its resuscitated glory, had already enrolled among the recognised worthies of the nation ; but, young as I was, I fancied I discovered that a stranger would be preferred to him. Another person was designated, who was remembered by one of the elders of the company as a most promising young man, a finished classical scholar, as well as a competent Welsh scholar, and, from his easy access to the dispensers of power, as one destined to rise to eminence, but his orbit in

maturer life had been so eccentric that neither was his promotion desired. I was an immoderately fervid Briton at that time, and thought any ecclesiastic bearing a Welsh name should have the precedence, but older and wiser heads than mine thought differently. We read one morning, in the public prints, that the Rev. Connop Thirlwall had been appointed. In the out-of-the-way place where we lived the name was that of an utter stranger. We immediately tried to ascertain his status in the Church; we investigated his antecedents, ransacked every publication that might throw any light on his career, and bringing together our respective sources of information, we discussed his merits. One of us found that the new Bishop had rendered himself conspicuous at Cambridge by writing a pamphlet in favour of Dissenters, and was noted for his advanced political Liberalism. Another understood that he was a man of undoubted ability, and was considered a prodigy at eleven years old, having even then, it seemed, published a book of rhymes; whilst I was certain that he came from the North Countrie, for his family name occurred in the wild and facetious ballad which Lord Marmion could not brook. We were shortly afterwards informed by the religious newspapers that he was a 'neologian.'\*

\* About the same time the Dissenters in Wales were in a state of fermentation with regard to cognate doctrines, such as the 'New Lights' and 'Finneyism,' the latter name being derived

The word was new to me, and it was at no inconsiderable labour that I was able to attach any definite meaning to it, and perhaps even now, after the lapse of so many years, my conception of the term is somewhat hazy. But whatever occult meaning lay in the term, it was undoubtedly meant by the self-constituted guardians of the faith as a warning to the public, and it acted to the prejudice of the Bishop for some time after he came to reside amongst us.

Connop Thirlwall was the third son of the Rev. T. Thirlwall, and was born on February 11, 1797, in Stepney. His name Thirlwall connects him with the old feudal Barons of le Thirlwall, who held Thirlwall Castle, in Northumberland, and takes us back to the times when his stalwart forefathers were 'thirling' their way through the great wall of Severus, which was the scene of so many hard fought battles. His Christian name, Connop, he derived from his mother's family, who were resident in Radnorshire, and with whom he shared whatever Welsh blood flows in that county.\* He was sent as a day-scholar to the Charterhouse, and there, in one of those golden seasons which occasionally come to public schools, he enjoyed the opportunity of forming life-long intimacies of the

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from Mr. Finney, an obscure American divine. So fluctuating is the nature of popular theology, so various, and, it may be added, so wide-spread its divisions.

\* 'I believe I have a drop of Celtic blood in my veins.'  
—'Letters,' p. 252.

greatest moment, and deriving, at the most impressionable time of life, the strong and salutary influence exerted by close contact with superior talent and moral excellence of the highest standard, for among his contemporaries at the school were Grote, Julius Hare, the two Waddingtons, Henry Havelock, Cresswell Cresswell, and Turner, afterward Lord Justice.

In October, 1814, he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. In February he was elected Craven University Scholar. He took his degree in 1818, as twenty-second Senior Optime. This comparatively low place was atoned for by his securing the position of First Chancellor's Classical Medallist. In October, 1818, he was elected a Minor (*i.e.*, B.A.) Fellow of his college.

He was for some time unsettled as to his choice of a profession, but at last, in deference, it seems, to the advice of friends, he entered himself as a law student at Lincoln's Inn, in February, 1820. In the summer of 1825 he was called to the Bar, and joined the Home Circuit. The same year was also marked by the publication of his translation of Schleiermacher's essay on St. Luke, with a notable introduction written by himself. This publication created a certain amount of sensation at the time, not so much, perhaps, by the great ability displayed by the translator, which was freely acknowledged by the most competent judges, as by the work being the first English

venture into the abstruse and hitherto untrodden field of German theology, and by its free handling of topics which were wont to be more deferentially treated and held with greater reserve.

In 1827 came the great change in his life. The legal profession had become thoroughly distasteful to him, and he resolved to abandon it for the clerical. He was ordained deacon in 1827; priest in 1828. In 1834 he was presented by Lord Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, to the living of Kirby Underdale, in Yorkshire, where he resided for the next six years, pursuing his ministerial duties with exemplary diligence, and gaining in no common measure the esteem and affection of his rural flock. In July, 1840, Lord Melbourne offered him the crosier of St. David's. The Bishop soon removed to the episcopal palace at Abergwili, and settled down to his new sphere of labour. He at once created the most favourable impression by his known resolve to devote himself wholly to his Welsh See.

I ardently desired to see him. My childish desire was never fully gratified. But an opportunity of forming a sufficiently accurate opinion of his outward appearance presented itself to me soon after his consecration. He was then in his full vigour, and felt it no labour to visit the most remote parts of his diocese. Throughout his episcopate he was, I believe, fond of visiting picturesque spots, old castles, Druidical remains, and any locality to which historical or antiquarian associa-



tions clung. He had not been long at Abergwili before he came to the small town\* where I was staying, and which, in connection with remarkable events, and in the beauty of the surrounding country, offered attractions of no common order. There were to be found there a fine tidal river, a priory which had been once the abode of fair Orinda, over whose grave Cowley scattered a few graceful flowers, and the mantling ruins of a castle, at the siege of which Dr. Jeremy Taylor, the most tolerant of English divines, the most persuasive of English rhetoricians, and the most engaging of all saints, had been taken prisoner. It was a quiet and self-satisfied place, and seldom any incident happened to disturb the even tenor of its ways. The arrival of the judge for the assize, with the sheriff and his halberdiers, had been so often repeated as to have lost its attraction; the biennial races always stirred up the worse part of the lower orders; the annual hunt ball created a gentle ripple of agitation among the upper orders; but the coming of Dr. Thirlwall created an unusual commotion among all classes. His name was on every tongue. The church in which he performed some official duty was full. The narrow street through which he passed was thronged. I remember the difficulty I had to obtain anything like a satisfactory view of him, and my feeling of disappointment at the

\* Cardigan.

first sight. The Bishop was barely of common height, but robust, with a stout, serviceable staff in his hand, his step firm ; but he was in no way distinguished or by any external token marked off from many who met my eye around. I had other slight opportunities of observing him, when I could not fail to notice his great width of brow, his mouth, with its lines of decision and its occasional curve of polished sarcasm, and his keen and luminous eyes. I have since seen wonderfully exact and in every way admirable likenesses of him in the residences of many of his clergy.

The position Dr. Thirlwall had been called to fill was the highest Wales had to offer. St. David's was virtually still what it actually was for centuries—the metropolitan see of the Principality, comprising five entire counties and an important section of a sixth, and being almost equal in area to the other three Welsh dioceses. It claimed as its founder our patron saint. It possessed by far the largest and most imposing of all Welsh cathedrals. It had been filled in remoter times by an accomplished native prince, who had proved a munificent supporter of national customs and literature. It had been contested for, with characteristic pugnacity, by Giraldus Cambrensis, the most garrulous and credulous of annalists, and who was allied to the best British and Norman families of the country. It had supplied a martyr in Bishop Farrar, and had been occupied in later

times by Bishop Davies, one of the translators of the Sacred Scriptures into Welsh; by two illustrious defenders of the faith—Bishop Bull, whose works are still deemed a repertory of the purest Anglican teaching, and Bishop Horsey, the dread of his antagonists; and within living memory by Bishop Burgess. Of the last prelate's claims to the regard of the country, it would suffice to say that he had been unwearied in promoting the love of erudition among his clergy, whilst he had not been neglectful of the education of the common people; he paid great attention to the Grammar Schools, which under his administration became efficient nurseries of the ministry; he had matured the scheme of a native college, the foundation-stone of which he lived to lay at Lampeter; and under his auspices the Welsh language had been cultivated as it had never perhaps been cultivated before. But what formed his chief claim to grateful remembrance was this: that at a critical moment, when the evangelical side of the Church's teaching had been unduly repressed by the responsible authorities, and the means of repression had been harsh in the extreme, and when the country was agitated from end to end, and swaying between secession and continuance in the Church, he turned the scale, and averted a deep and irreparable calamity. I do not suppose Bishop Burgess's talents were of a very high order, but he was an eminently good man,

the lover and promoter of good men, and an able and conscientious administrator. The new Bishop was immeasurably his superior in intellect and culture, but whether when he resigned he had secured the confidence and won the love of the diocese to the same extent as Bishop Burgess when he was translated, it would be presumptuous to attempt to decide : but it was proudly acknowledged on all hands that the lustre of St. David's great fame had been even enhanced by Bishop Thirlwall.

And yet, lofty and honourable as was the post, the See of St. David's was no bed of roses to be coveted by the indolent and luxurious, neither did Abergwili offer a peaceful hermitage for a lettered recluse or weary age. It was a most laborious, difficult, uninviting, and embarrassing post. There was first of all, lying right across the path of the newcomer, the foreign language. When he arrived among us, Dr. Thirlwall could not understand the language of three-fifths of the inhabitants of his diocese. And the language was peculiarly difficult to an Englishman. But with the dogged determination of his race, and in the spirit of one of his own historical athletes, he faced this difficulty at once, and to the best of his power—and his power was exceptionally great—overcame it. From St. David's Head to the Brecon Beacons, among the pastoral vales of Carmarthenshire and on the wild and heathy uplands of Cardiganshire, the admiration of his pluck was

universal, and unbounded was the pride that he had mastered the old Welsh tongue. When one might suppose he was only just entering on the study of its intricacies, and beginning to grapple with its gutturals, I had an opportunity of hearing him preach in Welsh. The church\* was placed in a lovely spot, the winding and woody vale where it stood being as the Vale of Tempè; it was embowered in yew and laurel; it was every Sunday frequented by gentle and simple, and it had been in the days of the great evangelical revival a centre of attraction to thousands, and its pulpit occupied for at least two generations by the best and most popular preachers in South Wales. The day was a sweet autumnal day, and an immense congregation had assembled to hear the Bishop of St. David's preach in Welsh. The surprise of all was great, bordering on consternation, to hear him *ore rotundo* give out as his text St. Mark ix. 49, 50. It was, no doubt, a scholarly discourse, and made a great impression by its exposition of an abstruse passage, no less than by the wonderfully exact construction of its sentences. There can be no question, either, that he acquired an uncommon acquaintance with the niceties and idiomatic structure of our mother-tongue. But one fancies his knowledge of it, after all, to have been an ornament for the study, and not an article for everyday use; not the fine, full-flavoured natural

\* Nevern Church, Pembrokeshire.

growth, but the plucked fruit of the adroit and strong-willed linguist. It is my impression that, with all his assimilating capacity, the language never became his own. His sonorous and stately articulation of its clustered consonants, and still more, perhaps, of its irregular vowels, excited, it is true, the reverential feelings of his hearers ; but he did not, and could not, unwind the manifold cunning charms of an old immemorial language like the British, rich as it is with hidden beauties incommunicable to the stranger, or touch the nethermost springs of the soul, as is done every Lord's day in many a whitewashed conventicle through the length and breadth of the land by the ready and unfaltering tongue of any illiterate person who speaks in his own language and is to the manner born. Nevertheless, all honour to him, the good and gifted Bishop, who found out for himself, for the more complete fulfilment of his high office, a more excellent way than any of his English predecessors.

Then the low state of the Church in the diocese must have caused anxious thoughts, and would have deterred a less magnanimous man from leaving the quiet and comfort of an English rectory and attempting the task before him. The prospect was indeed discouraging. The work to be done was immense ; it was nothing less than a reconstructing of what had fallen into ruins, and a strengthening of the things that remained that were ready to die. Recalling to

mind the state of the Church, as I well can from personal knowledge and from incontestable evidence, very few were the spots on which the eye could light with any satisfaction. In many parishes the Church was struggling for bare existence ; in some, as to any effective organization and any salutary influence, she had been utterly effaced. It was not an uncommon case to find the clergyman non-resident, or if resident a by-word to his flock and an opprobrium to his profession ; services few and far between ; the sacred edifice in a ruinous condition, or if in a condition at all to keep out the wet, used for a school, the Holy Table serving for the master's desk. And yet with this mournful apathy on the part of the Church, or, rather, this shameful abnegation of the essential purport of its institution, the sects were everywhere multiplying, their followers increasing in number and influence, and manifesting a greater hostility towards her. In Wales only three sects have ever succeeded by their numerical strength in acquiring a position that could be taken into any account with reference to the stability and growth of the Church. A few Unitarian congregations, the *residua* of the old Presbyterians of Cromwell's time, still lingered in parts of Cardiganshire, Carmarthenshire, and Glamorganshire ; a few dispirited adherents of John Wesley might be discovered in some of the towns by the curious ; but the Baptists, Independents, and Calvinistic Methodists

alone have been found adapted to the temperament of the Welsh, and able to detach any considerable numbers from the Church of their fathers. The Baptists and Independents had always a large infusion of political views mixed with their theological sentiments. These, their theological sentiments, they had never attempted, I believe, to compress and formulate into dogmas, and insist on as terms of communion. There were ministers, therefore, in the same religious body who preached, and congregations who paid them, on the sole condition that they should preach doctrines which ranged from what proved, when closely examined, to be Antinomianism down to the lowest Arminianism, and which even dangerously parleyed with stark Socinianism. Calvinistic Methodism was confessedly an offspring of the Church. Its birthplace was the Church ; its tenets were bodily taken from her Articles and Formularies ; the germinating seed that had sprung into miraculous life was the Gospel as expounded in her Liturgy ; the strong meat on which it had thriven, and whereby it grew and overspread the land, was furnished by her ample storehouse.

It is also well known that the first and most effective pastors of Methodism were the ordained clergy. The nursing fathers and nursing mothers of the denomination were the Church's pious laymen and pious laywomen in influential positions, who from love of her own saving truths, as well as love to souls, had been ever



ready to give a welcome to the itinerating evangelist and further him on his way. For many years the Methodists would have scorned to be considered anything but Churchmen. They never failed to attend the public ministrations of the Church and partake of the Holy Communion at the hands of her priests. But gradually, and perhaps inevitably, a spirit of alienation had displayed itself among them. A new generation had arisen, and was now coming fast to the front. These were moved by no feelings of pious gratitude for past benefits, by no fear of the loss of that support and countenance which in the incipient stages of the denomination had been absolutely essential, and little recked they of tearing asunder the old hallowed associations that bound the body to the Church. Their position, it must be owned, was not a pleasant one, and standing as it did between two opposing forces, by whom it was constantly assailed, it was one that could not be long maintained. They had to bear at once the invectives of Dissenters and the reproaches of Churchmen. The rising opinions of the Oxford School, which were popularly known as Tractarian,\* furnished their leaders with a convenient weapon against the Church, which they seized with an eagerness and an acrimony which too plainly proved that the first love was lost, and had been replaced by jealousy and hatred. A corresponding feeling of animosity on the

\* More generally in Wales as 'Puseyism.'

part of the clergy widened the breach, and it was manifest that the Methodist body in Wales was gravitating towards the irreconcilable forces, and would ere long descend to the lowest level of rank Dissent.

The claims of education also were demanding attention in every part of the kingdom, and presenting a problem difficult to be solved, and in no part were those claims so exigent or so difficult to be met as in the Diocese of St. David's. It might be readily supposed that so distinguished a scholar as Dr. Thirlwall, who had already given such signal pledges of his love of knowledge, would not be behind the foremost in the work which the age had marked out as its own peculiar province—the education of the people. Hitherto the poverty of the clergy, the sordid apathy of the landowners, many of whom were absentees, the scattered state of the population, the existence of two discordant languages, and the disunion caused by sectarian passions, had combined to retard and repress its spread in Wales. Education, indeed, in any effective sense, was in abeyance, and no one except a few heavily-burdened clergymen felt any concern over the case. The traveller might go over the country, league after league, and pass through parish after parish for thirty miles at a stretch, and find the district totally unprovided with schools. That such was the case was no fault of the mass of the people. Welshmen have been always remarkable for their love

of learning, and have never been slow to avail themselves of the means of imparting instruction to their young. The instances that recur to me of the straits and privations to which parents would cheerfully submit in order that their children might attend a school that perhaps lay at a distance of three or four miles, and the only approach to which would be along steep mountain paths, and where, after all, the instruction afforded was of the most meagre and defective kind, are inexpressibly touching. And then the bright, eager, happy faces of the children themselves in school ! Have our readers witnessed a class of Welsh children under examination ? If not, they have missed one of the unique pleasures of life, one that stands in the same category as the sudden revelation of some beauty of nature, or the first view of some exquisite picture, which appeals to the mind and awakens the tenderest emotions of the heart. I have been told by inspectors, whose acquaintance with schools was not confined to Great Britain, that nowhere had they met with children so quick, so intelligent, or so interesting as the Welsh. But the Welsh peasant was miserably poor, his earnings on a scale barely sufficient to enable him to subsist, his dwelling a mean hovel, always out of repair, and rarely furnished with the necessary accommodation for a family. Besides, his scanty means were sorely taxed for the support of the religious teacher of his

own choice, and for the erection of his meeting-house, which, simple as it was and ludicrously plain, with its four bare walls and its small oblong windows, was yet water-tight and free from draughts, and supplied that feeling of warmth and comfort which his Parish church, with its lengths of empty spaces, its earthen or flagged floor, its damp and mouldy appearance, and its slovenly conducted and heartless services, denied him. His attention also had been frittered on endless sectarian disputes. The Church had at no time, it is true, utterly suspended her interest in the elementary education of the poor, and that any schools whatever were found in the country, lamentably deficient as was the supply, was entirely due to the zeal and charity of her faithful ministers and lay members. The efforts of the Bishops to establish educational institutions at the Reformation, and the strenuous opposition of the secular politicians of the day, are historical facts. From the Reformation downwards there had not been wanting men, placed in high positions in the Church, who never failed to inculcate the duty of promoting education. And it is pleasing to remember that Dr. Tillotson, Addison's model writer of sermons, King William and Queen Mary's favourite divine, and the favourite preacher of the London populace, took a warm personal interest in the education of the Welsh poor. Everybody, too, who knows anything of Wales, knows its deep in-

debtedness in the matter to the Rev. Griffith Jones, the Apostolic Vicar of Llanddowror, the founder of the circulating charity schools, and to his friend Madam Bevan, their liberal patron. These schools, humble in their character, as best suited the ignorant and indigent state of the rural districts for which they were primarily intended, and modest in their aim and pretension as compared to modern institutions of the kind, conferred an immense blessing on Wales. Their temporary continuance in one place; the smallness of their number; the inadequacy of the masters' salaries,\* owing, of course, to the inadequacy of funds, as well perhaps as the extreme difficulty of finding competent teachers, or of properly training for purposes of public teaching the raw and uninformed Welsh peasant, the only material at hand, militated, it is thought, against their efficiency; but it is certain that for a whole century the only rural spots where even a glimmering of light could be seen were the parishes where these Church-schools circulated and secured the co-operation of the clergy. These, and in addition the schools of the towns, very few and very insignificant, formed the whole provision for the elementary education of the people when Bishop Thirlwall came among us.

Such is an outline, necessarily brief and imperfect,

\* I remember their salaries being only £20 a year. Latterly they were raised to £30.

of the condition of things among us, in respect to some important features, at the time of his appointment. How he set himself to improve it, and, by overcoming difficulties which to any other man would be simply insuperable, by supplying deficiencies, encouraging the diligent and faithful, and infusing a strong current of life and vigour where all seemed heretofore dead and past recovery, to raise his diocese more on a line with the requirements of the Church and age, is a matter of general notoriety. The unwearied energy, the unsleeping vigilance, the high and unsullied character, the transcendent talents, the wide and commanding influence, were all his own, the essential and inseparable qualities of the man, and these he devoted with all his heart to the advancement of the diocese. The fruits were to be seen in the new schools that met us in every hamlet, in the training college at Carmarthen, which his lordship opened in 1848, in the large number of new churches or churches restored, in the increased activity of the clergy, and in the reviving attachment of the people to their ancestral Church. A word may be said with regard to his correspondence with Mr. Bowstead, Sir Benjamin Hall, Dr. Rowland Williams, Canon Liddon, and others, which showed him to be ever alert when the interests or tenets of the Church were assailed, and proved him to be unmatched in the field of controversy. As to his other literary works, and espe-

cially his charges, they have for ever associated his tenure of the See of St. David's with the most learned and valuable historical and theological works of the age. The country had watched his long episcopate of thirty-five years with ever-increasing admiration, and when, warned by the growing infirmities of old age, he resigned his office, it followed him to his well-earned retirement with feelings of profound gratitude and affection.

His resignation took place in May, 1874. He left Abergwili in the same month, 'never to return,' as he pathetically said, and settled at Bath, hoping to find a last resting-place in that pleasant neighbourhood. But his sojourn there was not long. His physical powers were gradually leaving him; he had suffered some time before from deafness, but he soon had to sustain what to him was a greater deprivation, the loss of his sight. And a paralytic affection in the right hand, and repeated attacks of serious and debilitating illness, showed that his constitution was giving way, and the end could not be far off. His mental powers continued vigorous and undiminished to the last. Every attention that the most loving care could show was paid him by his relatives, especially by his nephew, Mr. John Thirlwall. His patience and gentleness, we are told, won the hearts of all about him. The end came suddenly and peacefully on the 27th of July, 1875. 'With one call for him who had

been as his own son on earth, and with one cry to his Lord in heaven, he passed as we humbly trust from the death of sleep and from the sleep of death to the presence of that Light in which we shall see light.'

It is always interesting to recall the peculiar characteristics of men who have attained distinction in any walk of life. They often place such men before us in a new light, and bring us nearer to them than any study of their speculative productions, or a detailed account of their active labours, could possibly do. We would therefore venture to direct attention to some of the distinguishing personal traits and idiosyncrasies of the subject of our memoir, and at the same time indicate some of the dangers inseparable from the administration of a Welsh diocese by an utter stranger.

Bishop Thirlwall was remarkable for his intellectual greatness, and the sound, healthy nature, as well as the exceeding affluence, of the several qualities by which we discriminate character. When he died, it was publicly stated that the greatest intelligence in Europe had passed away. His natural gifts, his scholarly attainments, and his wide experience of life, as well as the equal poise of his intellectual and emotional powers, recommended him to this high estimate. He possessed in admirable combination keen penetration, quickness of perception, the habit of patient and exact research, and the judicial faculty of weighing evidence without fear or favour,



and arriving at regular synthetical conclusions which could be neither refuted nor shaken. His treatment of every subject he took up, perfect as it was of its kind, gave indications of a reserved force behind, felt to be an incalculable potentiality which told wonderfully in his favour. He had applied himself to so many branches of study as to have accumulated vast stores of learning, and he held them at his command, marshalled and fit for service, like some victorious chief who ruled over unlimited imperial forces, and could use them at will, not only for the purpose of exhibiting his prowess and consolidating his acquisitions, but also for adding to his conquests in other and ampler realms. Although, perhaps, he could be considered a specialist principally in history, philology, Greek and Hebrew languages, logic and theology, it might be said more appropriately of him than of anyone else in these latter days that he had taken all knowledge for his province. And yet his kindly feelings, his unfeigned humility, his sympathy with men and their every-day concerns, his love of goodness, his appreciation of natural and innocent sources of enjoyment, and his faith in human progress, remained unabated, and even grew stronger and more conspicuous, to the close of his life. We are told that 'he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.' And no doubt in too many instances extensive knowledge is apt to trouble some of the deep springs of

life, and thus prove bitter and deleterious in the event to its possessor. In strong or fastidious natures it may tend to the dispersion or the gradual hardening of the social and benevolent affections ; it may issue either in libertinism or misanthropy. King Solomon, who gave his heart to seek and search out wisdom, and to see all the works done under the sun, and came at last to the conclusion that 'all was vanity and vexation of spirit,' is not the only example of this tendency. And there were in our Bishop all the necessary ingredients for adding another signal instance to those with which history, and even recent biographies, familiar in their nature but fatal in their disclosures, have presented us of the injury resulting from strength of intellect and amplitude of knowledge to some important sides of human character. He had an intuitive perception of foibles, and could detect the charlatan under any disguise ; he possessed an unrivalled power of sarcasm ; he had a sincere and constitutional love of seclusion and averseness to all kinds of popularity, and was not unreluctant to lean with his whole weight on the follies and fallacies of an opponent. A memorable example of this latter capacity was afforded in his treatment of Dr. Rowland Williams. Dr. Williams was a man of brilliant attainments, and as a controversialist possessed many formidable resources, a copious and choice diction, a great dexterity in the

use of invective, a brave and ardent temper, dialectic skill of a high order, and no hesitation at all to strike hard. But when fairly matched with the Bishop his discomfiture was complete, so much so that, after awarding the victor our due meed of applause, our sympathies insensibly turn to the victim. We pity him the more inasmuch as he sincerely believed he had some real ground of complaint, and that an injustice was done to him ; but he could find no joint in the Bishop's armour, and no available weapon of any validity in his own armoury. He felt himself disabled, and could not return to the charge, and chafing under the restraint, he died with that internal wound still bleeding. But with all the Bishop's temptations to the indulgence of a cynical temper, he remained at heart and in converse with intimate friends a most amiable, gentle, and lovable character. Of this we have sufficient evidence in the charming 'Letters to a Friend,' which were edited by the late Dean Stanley.\*

He was an inveterate reader. We find early in his life that so absorbing was his passion for knowledge that he would often spend sixteen hours out of the twenty-four in his study and among the books which overflowed in every room of his house. Eating, walk-

\* In one of these he says : ' Surely life is a good thing, unless it be embittered by some quite exceptional suffering, without compensation or alleviation—a case which probably never occurred. Life, I say, is a good thing, whether it be long or short.'—Pp. 296, 297.

ing, or riding, he was never seen without a book. The same characteristic marked him after his elevation to the Episcopal Bench. As this habit of determined application to one kind of employment is carefully recited by his biographer, and represented to us as the normal type of life led at Abergwili, it appears little short of phenomenal. We can recall very few men engaged in the practical business of life who were so devoted to books, with so little detriment to personal character or public duties. The author of the 'De Imitatione' tells us that he also was never at rest, *nisi in angello cum libello*. But this causes no surprise, and needs no vindication. It is what we might expect of the recluse of the monastery of St. Agnes, befitting as it was his vocation and absolute retirement from secular affairs. Southey fell a victim to the same fascination. He avers of books that they give a deep joy which nothing else can compensate. They were his constant companions, sought in the early morning and not resigned till latest evening, and when sallying out for a constitutional at his three-mile pace his eyes would be still coursing over the pages of a book held open in his hand as he walked. His ruling ambition was the replenishing of his well-stocked library. 'Why, Montesinos,' asks the interlocutor of his supposed representative, 'with these books and the delight you take in them, what have you to covet or desire?' 'Nothing,' is the reply, 'except more books.' But

Southey lived entirely for the service of literature, and lost his equilibrium in his attitude to the outside world. Our Bishop's counterpart may probably be found in Lord Macaulay. Occupying as he also did for some years a responsible public position, and engaged in active life, he showed the same avidity for books of all kinds. He ingenuously confesses: 'If I had at this moment my choice of life, I would bury myself in one of those immense libraries that we saw at the Universities, and never pass a waking hour without a book before me.' And he likewise, at his meals, or when taking his walks, was always reading some book. When we come across such portentous statements, and contemplate, as we cannot fail to do, the sanitary loss entailed on the solitary student, with his pale hue, his feeble pulse, his dim and weary eyesight, and overwrought and languid brain, we are tempted to exclaim, with some impatience:

'Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.  
She has a world of ready wealth  
Our minds and hearts to bless—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.'

But in addition to physical derangement, to 'the weariness of the flesh' induced by much study, there may lurk in such intemperate habits, indulged under certain circumstances, other dangers which should

be perhaps as carefully guarded against. They may interfere with that free intercourse\* with our fellows, that living interest in their concerns, and that interchange of social amenities, which is supposed to be an essential part of the duties imposed by official posts. And I do not think that Bishop Thirlwall himself was quite free from blame in this respect. Some complaints, at any rate, were occasionally heard as to his evident desire to make the interview as brief as it could be possibly managed whenever his clergy called on him at Abergwili. But, on the other hand, if they involve, as it is generally implied, the more serious consequences of cramping the mind, impairing the independent action of the judgment or the free play of the affections, they had no such effect on him. In his case study seemed to make him not only a fuller but also a stronger and wiser man, more sagacious in counsel, more fertile in expedients, more ready to see the various sides of any question submitted to him, and better fitted to deal with the graver realities of life. And it must in justice be added that his books, dearly as he loved them, and reluctant perhaps as he often felt to leave them, were never suffered to stand between himself and the proper administration

\* Carlyle speaks of the Bishop as being 'wonderfully swathed.' But Carlyle, with his censorious habits and well-known antipathy to truths which Bishop Thirlwall certainly held as vital to his own well-being and the stability and prosperity of society, was not in a position to judge of his real character and temper.

of the See. He was always found ready for his official duties, and multifarious as they necessarily were in such a large and populous diocese, and difficult of performance in such an immense extent of territory, they were discharged with alacrity and admirable punctuality. Perhaps this fact, the great and constant demands made on him by his episcopal duties, explains what is so generally lamented. With the exception of his 'History of Greece,' he left behind no worthy memorial of his vast acquirements, no adequate fruit of his unexampled mental endowments. Had he collected his strength, and concentrated his attention on some *magnum opus* at Abergwili, what a possession for ever might we not have received at his hands !

His fondness for pet domestic animals, and his great delight in the beauties of nature, were traits in his character which we could hardly expect to find in one of his austere and lofty tone of mind. But they undoubtedly enhance our admiration of him and win for him a warmer lodgment in our affections. It has been sometimes stated that such traits may be accepted as infallible tokens of moral goodness, and reflect in no uncertain measure a tender and humane disposition and an unsophisticated nature. But it is plain that no general rule can be laid down from any particular instances. A man may lavish his affections on animal pets and yet be most unamiable in his intercourse with his fellow-men, which, after all, is the

main legitimate sphere for the exercise of kindly feelings; and the same man may also feel the greatest pleasure in beautiful scenery, and yet follow low and debasing practices without restraint. We presume it would be doing no injustice to either if we cited Rousseau and Lord Byron to verify the latter part of such an assertion. And we are told that Charles II., with all his well-known fondness for dumb animals, was callous to suffering and given up to incredible selfishness. On the other hand, we have known persons unimpeachable as regarded their tender and benevolent disposition, exhibited as it was in practical philanthropy in very trying situations, and towards ungrateful and in every way repulsive objects, whose very sensibility made them to shrink from forming an inordinate attachment to dumb animals, whose nature and conditions of life they could but dimly apprehend, whose sufferings they could alleviate only in a very inconsiderable measure, and whose death, perishing as they do more speedily than even man himself, occasioned an unavailing waste of precious feeling. Moreover, does not the contemplation of external nature, except under the consolatory and sustaining light of religion, tend mostly to melancholy and dejection? Does it not recoil on the mind and heart as a heavy and weary weight, the burden of an unintelligible mystery, hindering the ascent, if not altogether repressing the desire, towards the higher life? It becomes,



indeed, a painfully interesting question, How far does the indulgence of feeling, apart from our own kindly race and their immortal destinies, and independently of any specific spiritual intuition, promote our moral well-being? It would lead us also a step farther. It would lead us to consider what has been so frequently debated in these days, but may be regarded as only another phase of our question, the morality of the fine arts. And a dispassionate consideration would, I think, induce us to infer that art in itself has no more necessary connection with a well-ordered life than delight in the beauties of nature or the constant and cultivated companionship of the lower animals with a pure and refined mind. Some of our greatest artists were as notorious for the flagitiousness of their lives as the poet, the sentimentalist, and the merry monarch we named. Nature and the fine arts may foster the tendencies to good which they already find implanted, but are, we fear, impotent to sow the germ. They may respond, but do not originate. The first word for kindly conference and beneficent intimacy must be articulated by us.\* They may act, and no doubt often do act, as nurses and guardians of the spiritual insight and pious yearnings of the soul, but the sources

\* John Foster's striking figure must not be omitted here: 'The world is to me what a beautiful deaf and dumb woman would be. I can *see* the fair features, but there is not language to send forth and impart to me the element of soul.'

of these, as well as their most effectual and perennial supplies, must be sought elsewhere :

‘ We may not hope from outward forms to win  
The passion and the life whose fountains are within.’

When we read of Mungo Park in his African solitude learning the lesson of the ever-present care of an Almighty Parent from the little open flower of the desert, or of Jonathan Edwards being taught the sublime acquiescence of the optimistic necessarian from the trim and tranquil fields around his Northampton home, where, as he wandered, he was wont to ‘ sing forth, with a low voice, his contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer,’ we are not to suppose that the instruction was the necessary and spontaneous growth of the external objects themselves, for these, the external objects, only brought into greater prominence the deeper teaching within ; they only reflected the mood and action of the mind. For the reception of spiritual benefits, in our intercourse with nature or art, we must bring the requisite conditions—a sincere, unselfish, and devout disposition, the honest and good heart of the Parable. Such traits, then, as we mentioned above cannot be accepted as undeniable proofs of the love of virtue. They may arise from idle habits, the want of recreation, or a deep-rooted cynicism, and may exist together with vicious courses, and in the absence of any redeeming qualities. But, at the same

time, it is absolutely certain that no good man, who is at harmony with himself and realizes the unity that pervades creation, and can discern the tokens of wisdom and power in every object that meets his view, can do otherwise than feel a lively interest in all the works of our common Father. And it is especially grateful to the mind to see this interest manifested by those whom we esteem towards helpless dumb animals. But it must be, perhaps, confessed that our illustrious and most estimable prelate showed this feeling in a slightly grotesque fashion. We are told that he was particularly fond of cats, and whilst he thought well of tabbies in general, his great favourite was the tortoise-shell. Nor did he disdain to attend to the comfort of his geese and poultry. After dinner he would carefully go round the table and collect the broken fragments for the purpose of feeding them. When any of these, his animal pets, suffered from serious ailments, he would do his best to keep them alive by the most delicate attentions, sending even to Carmarthen town for medical advice for them. Of his love of nature in all its aspects we have striking evidence in his correspondence. Contrary to the mode which so prevails among all classes, and perhaps as much among those who are accustomed to stay within doors as any other class, he had no complaints to make of the weather ; even the worst kinds, which are so generally reprobated, he accepted with philosophic equanimity—nay, he confesses that even

howling winds, pattering rain, and floods that filled the valleys were to him 'delightful.'\* It is worthy of remark that his favourite natural object was the white-thorn in bloom, just as the brilliant red-thorn in bloom is said to have been Lord Macaulay's favourite.

He was always, and in all matters affecting the common weal in Church and State, a true liberal of the orthodox Whig denomination, which, in the proper spirit of a partisan, he calls 'the good old cause.' From our first public notice of him, relating to his advocacy of the admission of Dissenters to the University of Cambridge, to the last memorable occasion, when he stood out as the able and unflinching defender of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, he remained staunch to his principles and party. We must acknowledge that he showed in this great strength of character, when we consider that the educated classes, and the bulk of the common people, alarmed as they had been by the revolutionary excesses on the Continent, were in favour of letting things alone, and that by the course he was taking

\* The Bishop, in whom there was a strong poetical vein—but, perhaps, suppressed by a stronger philosophic and common-sense vein—must have appreciated Collins' stanza, in which these sources of delight are also enumerated :

'Or if chill blustering *winds*, or driving *rain*,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut  
That from the mountain's side  
Views wilds, and swelling *floods*,  
And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires.'

the avenues to power and social distinction would be closed against him. His prescience also must be admitted, when we remember that most of the changes he advocated have been accomplished to the undeniable benefit of the country. He proved, moreover, his consistency by carrying his liberalism not only into the department of administrative Church and State reform, but into the inner domain of theology as well.\* On this ground he may be accepted

? \* As an instance of rational exposition and directness of presentation, untrammelled by any attempt at modification or adjustment, we may here give a specimen of the Bishop's teaching on the Lord's Supper :

'In the Eucharist, no one can eat or drink our Lord's body and blood in any but a purely spiritual sense. In such a sense the words of institution are no doubt as true now as ever. But they afford not the slightest support to the doctrine of the Real Presence, whether in the Roman, Lutheran, or Tractarian form. So interpreted, they are wholly inconsistent with the idea of a local presence on a material altar ; and the scenic decorations of the sacrament-lights, vestments, and ornaments of the altar, so far as they are significant of doctrine, become manifestly unmeaning, inappropriate and misplaced, the question as to "the position of the celebrant" a mere waste of breath.'

To some of us who have been trained to other conceptions of Divine mysteries, this language in its undisguised subjective bearing may be rather startling ; but in the view of the flood of metaphysical niceties and mystical rhetoric in which we have found ourselves immersed of late years, it is a comfort that we have at last touched ground, and cannot possibly go lower, resting as we are on the *veram et vivam petram*, the position, too, being safe-guarded by some of the most learned and able divines of the Church of England.

as a representative, if not the leader, of the advanced school. It is worth observing what he says with regard to the three recognised Church of England schools. 'Our church,' he tells us, 'has the advantage of more than one type of orthodoxy—that of the High Church, grounded on one aspect of its formularies; that of the Low Church, grounded on another aspect; and that of the Broad Church, striving to take in both, but in its own way. Each has a right to a standing-place, none to the exclusive possession of the field.'

These liberal ideas were always to be found, no doubt, in the Church, but for a long time they existed in a loose, vague way. They began to be made current in an accredited form in the reign of Charles I., in order, as it seems, to counteract the dominant Puritanism of the period, and the rapidly rising high views of Laud. The 'ever-memorable' John Hales, and the select company who met at Lord Falkland's residence at Tew, 'that college situate in a purer air' than that surrounding the two contending factions, are reported to be founders of the school which was then called the Moderate, and subsequently the Latitudinarian, but in recent times has been best known as the Broad School. Although Dr. Thirlwall does not absolutely reject this title, yet he characteristically suggests that 'eclectic' would be more appropriate. But even that could not be applied, so far as he knew, to any particular school or party. It

should be rather understood as signifying a certain stamp of individual character, which he would venture to describe 'as a disposition to recognise and appreciate that which is true and good under all varieties of forms, and in persons separated from one another by the most conflicting opinions.' Another observant and discriminating writer has described the school, wanting although it may be in definiteness and compression, as well perhaps as in the enthusiastic confidence which generally acts as the most powerful motive force, yet where the spirit is a bond offering a common ground of sympathy and co-operation, and is, moreover, a pervasive element, quickening, purifying and directing the whole. He adds that its principles are the most accordant with the Anglican middle system, the most flexible to the inevitable variations of times and circumstances, and the most congenial to large and masculine intellects.

This liberal spirit seemed innate to Bishop Thirlwall, and was certainly exemplified with remarkable fidelity throughout his long career. Hardly any period could be named when so many new and discordant opinions and practices arose in the Church, and were respectively defended by such conspicuous ability, as during his episcopate, but he held on his own way with an unfaltering step. There is reason to believe that the major part of Churchmen, clerical and lay, however they may be occasionally deflected and swayed to

extremes by catchwords to which they may have committed themselves in moments of excitement, belong to the same school, so consonant it is with the general moderation of the Prayer-Book, and with the calmness,\* benignity, and the profound and comprehensive charity of the Gospel. But just as the other two schools contain elements of danger if unduly pressed in either direction, the one tending to fanaticism, and the other to superstition, so the Broad School is liable to degenerate and fall away to

\* Beneath the still waters of the Sacred Scriptures there may be, it is true, deep and powerful currents which, if set in sympathy with the mystic element that undoubtedly exists in the soul, can irresistibly sway and determine the whole course and destiny of man. It has been observed that even the Lord's Prayer, wonderfully calm and unexciting as it seems to the ordinary reader, furnishes in the doxology not only an effective example of amplification of cognate phrase, but also material for moving the strongest emotions. From self-abasement on account of our trespasses, and self-distrust in view of any temptation, we rise with it to an ecstasy of joy and triumph, at the certainty that to our Heavenly Father belong 'the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever.'

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Similar instances of a rapturous climax will no doubt recur to the reader.

Thus Shelley :

' To his song

Victory and praise in their own right belong.'

And Keble :

' O Lord, our Lord, and Spoiler of our foes,

There is no light but Thine, with Thee all beauty glows.'



spiritual decay and religious indifferentism. But, nevertheless, the course it points out is the one which not only carries with it the sanctions of our highest standards, but bears also on the face the clearest marks of moral and intellectual sanity, and is therefore the safest and the most satisfactory to everyone who, bewildered by the clamour and pretensions of the sects, wishes to walk in the light of reason with an abiding confidence in the progress of humanity, and in the company of the wisest of our race. Not to speak of the example of the glorious band of the mystics,\* which will never cease to possess an attraction for the elect among men, or of the shocks and accidents of life which forbid the most hardened to sink into utter apathy, such portions of the Liturgy and the sacred Scriptures as are impregnated with the deepest spirituality, and are aglow with a Divine enthusiasm, will always furnish the antidote to the

\* The following verse, which breathes the very soul of religious mysticism, appears to have been a favourite with the late Bishop Lightfoot :

‘Gaze one moment on the Face whose beauty  
Wakes the world’s great hymn ;  
Feel but one unutterable moment  
Bent in love o’er Him :  
In that look feel heaven, earth, men and angels  
Distant grow and dim ;  
In that look heaven, earth, men, and angels  
Nearer grow through Him.’

danger indicated.\* The General Confession, the Te Deum, the suffrages and other impassioned petitions in the Litany, and the whole of the Communion Service, no less than the profoundly touching and suggestive lessons found in our Lord's discourses, and in such parables as, for instance, the Ten Virgins and the Prodigal Son, or the scene in Simon's house, where the penitent washed the Saviour's feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head, cannot fail to neutralize the tendency that may lie in any form of teaching to total indifferentism. These

\* In his memoirs, by Carus, we find the Rev. Charles Simeon dwelling on the profound humility and sense of human corruption and sinfulness that pervades the General Confession, and then adding, 'I join in the acknowledgment, "There is no health in us," in a way that none but God Himself can conceive. No language that I could use could at all express the goings forth of my soul with these words, or the privilege I feel in being permitted to address the God of heaven and earth in these words, "Almighty and most merciful Father."'

Thomas Olivers, who was a noted Wesleyan preacher and hymnologist, states: 'The first Sunday after my conversion I went to the cathedral (Bristol) at six o'clock in the morning. When the Te Deum was read I felt as if I had done with earth, and was praising God before His throne. No words can set forth the joy, the rapture, the awe, and reverence I felt.'

The first revival, which was the beginning of a general religious awakening in Wales in that generation, occurred in Llangeitho Church, whilst the Rev. Daniel Rowlands was reading the Litany, and whilst he was reading these words: 'By Thine agony and bloody sweat, good Lord, deliver us.' The words in Welsh (in which language he was praying) are strikingly expres-

constitute the Church's inherent and indefeasible powers of reviving and freeing herself from the lethargy and heavy slumber which may occasionally oppress her, and must ever supply the fresh oil wherewith to relume and replenish her lamp whenever it threatens to sink down and die.

It has been one unfortunate result of the appointment to Welsh Sees of Englishmen who were strangers to the country, that they not only looked upon the English as the ideal and final type of religious thought and sentiment, which perhaps might be excused, but brought with them their own conception of modes of public worship and teaching. Having never seen, perhaps never conceived, anything different, they naturally concluded all variations to be a violation of good taste, if not a serious inroad on all ecclesiastical order. They therefore almost invariably attempted to eliminate what was to themselves strange, and to force the Welsh dioceses into an exact, iron conformity with

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sive and affecting : 'Trwy dy ddirfawr ing a'th chwys gwaedlyd, gwared ni, Arglwydd daionus.' We are told that on this memorable occasion 'nearly the whole congregation wept, and wept aloud.'

Howel Harris, one of the most celebrated Welsh evangelists of the last century, was buried, by his own express desire, near the altar of his parish church at Talgarth, the spot where, during the administration of the Holy Communion—more especially when reciting the Confession—he first felt compunction for sin and a comforting sense of pardon through the precious Blood of Christ. This is recorded on his tombstone.

the English pattern. They made no allowance for differences of place, race, or manners. Any little deviation from what they had been accustomed to was, in their estimation, an act of grave irregularity, which cost them nearly as much pains to try to rectify as it cost them to rouse their careless clergy to a greater sense of the irresponsibilities, or to encourage the pious clergy, who were devoting all their energies to the performance of their duties, and doing their best to retain their countrymen within the fold of the Church. And yet such an absolute surrender of all national, or even provincial, predilections, in order to obtain a dead level of one mode of public teaching, or a great show of rubrical uniformity, was unknown till within the last 150 years. Even in mediæval times, under the professed subjection of all to the will of one earthly ecclesiastical ruler, the usages varied in different districts and even in single dioceses. And it was peculiarly unhappy to try to assimilate in every particular the Church in Wales to the Church in England, so great a diversity existing in the habits and tempers of the inhabitants of the two countries. And why should we be called on to give up our hereditary traits and customs, which are congenial to our disposition, and are not only harmless, but positively advantageous, for the work of the Church? A statesmanlike Churchman, one would think, would rather utilize than supersede and remove them. Bishop Thirlwall fell

less into this error than some of his predecessors. But even he gave great offence to many of the most meritorious of his clergy and laity at the beginning of his episcopate in this matter. It was not at all an unusual thing to hear the note of warning raised against the perils that lay in ambush in the *per-fervidum ingenium Celticum*, and the emphatic testimony borne to the necessity of cultivating decorum and sobriety of sentiment ; but in his primary charge he went on to dwell on the inexpediency of extemporaneous prayers and the religious ‘private societies,’ the irregularity of singing at the Holy Communion, and on the mode of conducting clerical meetings. The private societies were simply communicants’ meetings. They were conducted, as is well known, on the system founded by Dr. Woodward in the reign of Queen Anne, and popularized by Wesley and Whitefield in the Georgian era. They were found congenial to the Welsh, and proved to be of great service in the hands of the evangelical clergy. The clerical meetings were the precursors of the present ruri-decanal meetings. They were held for the double purpose of affording an opportunity for the clergy and piously inclined laymen to confer together on measures affecting the welfare of the Church, and of awakening a deeper sense of religion among the common people by a series of sermons, well prepared and earnestly delivered. They were held in rotation in several

parishes confederated for the purpose. The attendance on such occasions was almost always very large, great numbers of people coming from a distance, and these would be hospitably entertained by the farmers and tradesmen of the place where the services were held. Two sermons would be invariably preached at each service—the first by one of the younger clergy present, and the other by one of the seniors. It was an admirable training for the younger clergy; and the two sermons, the one immediately succeeding the other, were otherwise perfectly justified by the great multitudes that had assembled on the occasion, hungry for the Bread of life, and waiting for the distribution of the loaves in hand that they might all eat and be filled. But the Bishop saw no rational motive, or any relative advantage, in such extra-parochial assemblages. As for the two sermons, he expressed his strong disapproval of them. The custom was not warranted by theory, or, as far as he knew, by practice, certainly not in the well-regulated English dioceses, and was, perhaps, too well calculated to engender a spirit of rivalry in the preachers which might be prejudicial to the ministry itself. The Bishop lived to modify his views on the subject. Indeed, he made it known at the dinner held after the delivery of the charge that his object was not to suppress, but to reform. But the knowledge that his lordship was out of sympathy with them told adversely, and in the

sequel proved nearly a death-blow to these popular and most interesting meetings.

It was a subject of general regret in South Wales that he was not buried in the diocese over which he had presided so long, and with which his name will be always associated as one of its greatest benefactors, as well as one of the greatest ornaments of the age. It is true that at Cambridge his genius was nurtured and began to exhibit its unique excellence, and at Kirby Underdale his most elaborate literary work was produced ; but it was when Bishop of St. David's he acquired his European fame for those virtues and endowments which raised him so high above his contemporaries, and claimed for him the admiration and grateful remembrance of posterity. It must surely be a mistaken policy to try and collect the mortal remains of the illustrious citizens of such an extensive and populous country as our own, and deposit them in one limited space, such as Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. A Santa Croce, or even a vast Walhalla, is become with us impossible. What might be feasible and proper for Attica or Florence, with their small populations, necessarily yielding but a restricted number of men of extraordinary worth, and with their small territories, where the sacred enclosure might be placed within easy reach of the whole extent of the State, is not practicable, were it otherwise desirable, in Great Britain. It must be ostensibly better to

multiply and distribute such hallowed spots, the centres of so much varied interest, in such a way as to be more accessible for the tributes of gratitude and affection, and to act on a wider scale as incentives to emulation. And is it not more pleasing to our minds, and more in unison with their own characters, that Shakespeare should repose amidst the sylvan beauties of his native Stratford-on-Avon, Wordsworth amidst the quiet mountain solitudes of Grasmere, John Locke in High Laver, 'in a pleasant corner on the south side of the church' where he used to worship, or our latest departed worthy, Dean Church, in the retired churchyard of Whatley, rather than amidst the tumult and endless roar of London? If we were so poor as not to possess any special sanctuary worthy to become the receptacle of our great Welsh Bishop, yet he alone would have rescued any spot from oblivion, and gathered round it the affectionate regard of the Welsh people. But in St. David's we possessed the burial-place, not only of our patron saint, but also of many eminent Bishops, both British and Norman, of several Kings and national heroes, of scholars and statesmen. It would have been, one might suppose, only in harmony with his close relation to the See which had employed the best part of his life if he also had been taken to its cathedral, which as much by its historical associations as by the stateliness of its structure, and the unique grandeur of its position, might well have



become his last<sup>ing</sup> resting-place. In any case, there was another choice. In its rural seclusion, and as his residence for so many years, Abergwili possessed claims of no common order for one who, like himself, was so passionately fond of country sights and sounds, and was never so happy as when he could retire from the busy haunts of men, and find himself within the tranquil and beautiful precincts of his Welsh home.

But it was determined otherwise, and he was buried at Westminster Abbey in the same grave as Mr. Grote, the historian, who had been his school-fellow in youth and his friend through life. The stone which marks the spot is inscribed to

‘CONNOP THIRLWALL,  
Scholar, Historian, Theologian,  
For thirty-four years  
Bishop of St. David’s;  
Born February 11, 1797,  
Died July 27, 1875.  
Cor sapiens et intelligens  
Ad discernendum judicium.  
Gwyn ei fyd.’\*

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\* These Welsh words may be translated as—

‘White is his world,’

but more idiomatically rendered—

‘Blessed is he.’

## A LIST OF BISHOP THIRLWALL'S PUBLISHED WORKS.

1. *Primitiæ* ; or, Essays and Poems. By C. T., eleven years of age.
2. Translation of Schleiermacher's 'Essay on St. Luke,' with an Introduction by the Translator. 1825.
3. Translation of two of Tieck's Tales, 'The Pictures' and 'The Betrothing,' with a Preface by the Translator. 1825.
4. Translation of Niebuhr's 'History of Rome,' in conjunction with Julius Hare.
5. Contributions to the Philological Museum. 1828-32.
6. Letters : A Letter to Thomas Thurton, D.D., on the Admission of Dissenters to Academical Degrees. 1834.  
A Letter on the Statements of Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart. 1851.  
A second Letter on the same subject. 1857.  
A Letter to J. Bowstead, Esq., concerning Education in South Wales. 1861.
7. History of Greece, 8 vols. 1835-47.
8. Geschichte von Griechenland von L. Haymann. 1839-40.
9. A Speech in the House of Lords in favour of the Bill for the Relief of the Jews. 1848.
10. A Lecture on the Advantages of Culture for all Classes. 1850.
11. An Inaugural Address delivered at Edinburgh. 1861.
12. Several Sermons.
13. Charges 1842-74.
14. A Reply to Dr. Rowland Williams' 'Earnestly Respectful Letter.' 1860.



*THE REV. GRIFFITH JONES.*



THE REV. GRIFFITH JONES,

VICAR OF LLANDDOWROR.

**I**T is a trite remark that, according to the need and at the time when the need pressed the sorest, the Church has ever been supplied with fit agents for perpetuating its vital and effective force and accomplishing its Divine purpose. The truth of this is seen in every period of its existence. When the oppression in Egypt was growing beyond endurance, and yet the house of bondage seemed closed on the chosen race by gates of brass and bars of iron, Moses was raised up to be a ruler and deliverer. When the priesthood was become vile, and men abhorred the offering of the Lord, Samuel arose as a teacher of the good and right way, and as a pattern of the blameless and obedient priest. When kings and queens abused their high position, and became abettors of the grossest idolatry, Elijah the Tishbite appeared on the scene, and with his undaunted presence and fiery zeal stemmed the torrent of national impiety. When the disciples were

but a small and obscure company, whose leaders could be publicly termed as 'unlearned and ignorant,' and Christianity was to meet the civilization of Greece and Rome, St. Paul was converted to the faith, and, bringing with him his wide culture, as well as the magnetic force of his eager and impassioned but yet strangely tender nature, became the great Apostle of the Gentiles. The inspired Record is substantially an exemplification of this constant Providential interposition on behalf of the Church, and since the Record has been closed, and the more visible manifestation of supernatural aid withheld, its uniform experience has still testified to the same truth. Its task has been indeed augmented beyond the power of calculation, and all its available resources have been strained to the utmost to overtake and supply the still increasing demands made on it. Instead of being confined to one narrow spot such as Palestine, its scene of operations is become the whole world. It has had to encounter and deal with all the varieties of races and tongues, of dispositions and characters, of classes and interests among men, and with intellect the most keen and cultivated, as well as the most rude and barbarous. It seemed more than once doomed to sink beneath the weight of its burden, or succumb to the power of its assailants. But the long line of capable and accredited champions has not been broken, a fresh accession of strength has been always imparted, and the necessary

relief obtained. This, as we observed, is so generally admitted as regards the Church in its corporate capacity and in its organic whole as to be now a truism ; but it may be also accepted in regard to particular branches, and to none perhaps more justly than to our own hereditary branch of the Church in Wales.

We have been here favoured with a succession of timely witnesses to the truth whenever strange and erroneous doctrines were introduced and propagated, and of vigilant watchmen who were singularly qualified for the work of revival whenever the Church itself was sinking into deep and ignominious slumber. Their fame, it may be, has not extended very far, for their labours were necessarily confined to their own insulated and obscure province, and chiefly prosecuted in a dialect unknown to the great majority of their fellow-subjects. Neither were they found as a rule in places of ecclesiastical dignity or social eminence. On the contrary, they occupied humble positions in life, and owed no recognition of service to the civil or ecclesiastical rulers of the country, but they were nevertheless men of exceptional worth and ability, and exercised an extraordinarily beneficial influence whilst they lived, and after death generations of their grateful countrymen have arisen and called them 'blessed.' And of these worthies none could excel the Rev. Griffith Jones, Vicar of Llanddowror, to



whose life and labours we here propose to direct the attention of the reader.

But before we can form anything like an adequate conception of his worth, and of our indebtedness to him, we must first survey the ground of his evangelistic and educational mission, and the circumstances and conditions under which he carried it on. It is commonly acknowledged that at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century religion was at a deplorably low ebb throughout the United Kingdom. A large portion of our historical annals is usually devoted to the elucidation of this characteristic of that period, and no difficulty is found in substantiating the charge of the wide prevalence of open vice among all classes of society, and of the flagrant neglect on the part of the Church of any serious and systematic effort at improvement. This grave charge is not confined to any particular district, but applies equally to England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as to Wales. It may be, indeed, that it justly assumes a darker form, or is drawn with a less discriminating hand, in reference to the Principality. Special circumstances undoubtedly had been at work here to harass and depress the Church, which were perhaps wanting elsewhere, and thus to augment the mass of ignorance and impiety in our own division which it is confessed was overspreading the other portions of the kingdom. One prominent cause of this was the treatment of the

native language. It was neglected and disparaged by all who were engaged in the civil administration of the country, and unhappily by most of our Church dignitaries. It thus proved a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence to many who should have known better and manfully accepted the fact of its prevalence with all its real or supposed inconveniences. This, beyond a doubt, was the plain duty of all persons in authority, who desired the advancement of the Welsh people, dictated as it was at once by every principle of sound policy, and by the injunctions of our holy religion, which teaches us an impartial indifference to tongues and tribes, and to use the most feasible and rational means for promoting the good of the Church and the salvation of souls. Although the language lay at the root of national capabilities, and was well adapted to deal with the strongest motive powers of man, and with every phase and position of religious truth, it yet remained, so far as those in authority were concerned, totally neglected—nay, it was sedulously sought to destroy it and supplant it with English. Another fact must be here taken into account, resulting, indeed, from the one just mentioned. The necessary implements of education had to be provided, and provided, too, in the long-neglected Welsh tongue. This was the only tongue understood by the great majority of the Welsh people, who were thus not only debarred from the ample stores of English literature and science

which everywhere else were the sources of so much instruction and delight, but were also left destitute of all similar literary means of which they could avail themselves. The most elementary steps for teaching in the way of printed matter were wanting ; the very rudiments of knowledge had yet to be supplied.

The physical nature and sterility of the country, as well as its social condition, contributed to the same result. These added no doubt to the difficulties that beset the path of the reformer in Wales. One third at least of its surface is composed of bare and rocky elevations, which are hopelessly barren, lying, as they do in South Wales, in long and broad ridges, intersected by deep ravines, and, in North Wales, rising to stupendous mountains. The climate is in most parts exceptionally bleak and severe in the winter months, and in the aggregate the rainfall is much larger and the mists more dense and frequent than in England, thus rendering out-door work in Wales an arduous and anxious one. At the foot of the hills and on the banks of rivers, fertile and beautiful vales and sweet meadowland are to be found, it is true, in numerous places ; but they are narrow and of small extent, circumscribed as they are by the precipitous nature of the surrounding ground. But the soil in general is poor, and but reluctantly answers to the toil and care of the hardy husbandman. It is indeed a marvel how many spots, such as those, for instance, which are under

tillage on the uplands of Cardiganshire or Carnarvonshire, can be possibly made to supply food even now. But at the time to which we refer matters must have been much worse, when the state of agriculture, we are told, was at least a hundred years behind that of England. Commerce, in the modern acceptance of the term, could be hardly said to exist, confined as it was to a few obscure seaports on the coast and some small towns bordering on the English frontier. It must be added that at least a century elapsed before science and enterprise discovered those beds of coal and mineral which in our day have effected so great a change in the material condition of our country. We venture to say that at the time under review no part of the kingdom, except perhaps the highlands of Scotland or the western counties of Ireland, presented a more abject state of poverty than the greatest portion of Wales. The toiling population were subjected from earliest morning to the latest working hour at night to a hard and unrelenting struggle for a precarious subsistence. They had too often to dwell in miserable hovels, and to consider as luxuries the barley bread, or bread largely made of field-beans, and the oaten cakes of their ruder forefathers, and were evidently depressed by their surroundings to that point of low vitality when desire for improvement is hardly felt, and hope of relief is dead. At the same time, too, many of the gentry who lived on the fruit

of their toil formed a class apart, speaking an alien language, and owning no rightful tie of common sympathy, and, as a rule, were immersed in ignoble pleasures, and regarded their game, the fox, the hare, and the otter, the partridge and the pheasant, of greater interest, if not of greater value, than the neglected helpless human beings around them.

The clergy largely partook of the indigence which was so common among the peasantry and tenant farmers. Their straitened circumstances, indeed, and the various ways, some of them we fear of a menial character, unworthy of their sacred calling, by which they attempted to improve their scanty incomes, were so notorious as to afford occasion for merriment and derision to the novelist and satirist. But their case was aggravated by the diversion in many instances of ecclesiastical emolument from the Church in Wales to enrich the Church and support educational institutions in England, and by the perferment of strangers to the most valuable benefices, to the great discouragement of native talent and energy.

But probably the greatest evil of the times, and the one which weighed most heavily on the life and growth of the Church, was the consequence, direct or indirect, of the disastrous civil war which our forefathers knew as the 'Great Rebellion.' It is not ours in any way to condone the acts of petulant folly, and possibly of gross violation of constitutional rule, which

preceded the outbreak, but we cannot sufficiently condemn and regret the great and widespread sufferings which wantonly accompanied it, and the plentiful harvest of disastrous results it yielded for generations after the conflict had been waged and settled in accordance with the will of the nation.

That the clergy were accused of 'delinquency, malignancy, scandal, etc.,' or of some other crimes, to which the most opprobrious names could be affixed, that they were pitilessly ejected from their cures, and subjected to the most cruel persecutions, that the churches were closed, despoiled, and desecrated, and even the reading of the Prayer-Book was strictly prohibited and made a misdemeanour, is a tale too well known to be repeated here. But it is worthy of remark that when the old accustomed machinery which had been constructed by the labour and piety of ages was broken up, the wrangling of the sects and the wild theories and practices of many of their adherents, and the spirit of disorder and lawlessness which was abroad, were so alarming as to attract the serious attention of the leaders of the revolutionary movement, and cause them to cast about how best to meet the danger. For this purpose they passed an act called the 'Act for the Better Propagating of the Gospel in Wales,' and empowered certain commissioners to carry it out. These commissioners, abandoning the custom of a settled ministry, appointed a

number of itinerant religious teachers. Being presumably only half a dozen for each county, these were manifestly incapable from their small number of coping with the task imposed on them ; they were certainly, from their previous avocations and gross ignorance, utterly disqualified for the discharge of their momentous duty. Some of these itinerant preachers are said to have been weavers, cobblers, tailors, and masons. In assigning to these the high commission of evangelizing the country, and superseding the old ancestral Church, we are forcibly reminded of the sin and reproach of Israel, the consecration to the service of Bethel and Dan of 'the lowest of the people, who were not of the sons of Levi.' And unhappily the same calamitous results occurred here as there. The beginning of a never-ending system of schism was founded, and an example set which has never wanted imitators. Instead of presenting any longer the grateful sight of a united community, a band of brothers, an undivided household of faith, Wales fell into sects and sectarian partisanship. It is a significant fact that it was during the ministrations of these preachers, when the Church was silenced and all her holy offices violently suppressed, Dissent took root among us. The men were doubtless in dead earnest in propagating their peculiar opinions, but it is undeniable that morality as well as religious truth suffered at their hands and at the hands of the dominant faction of the times of the Commonwealth.

The popular feeling had been so long suppressed by the prevailing military despotism, and the hypocrisy and self-seeking of the leaders and supporters of the Rebellion so flagrant, that a reaction became inevitable. The pity is that it went well-nigh as far in the direction of libertinism as the previous course had been in that of a professed and enforced asceticism. But we know that the violently-bent bough rebounds beyond its due equilibrium, and the rush of water is accelerated in proportion to the pressure put on it. The persecution had been so bitter, and the prospect of relief so hopeless, that when the Restoration took place the joy of the liberated nation was unbounded, and became uncontrollable. It is affecting even now, when more than two centuries have passed away, to notice in contemporaneous publications, and in private letters since printed, the universal manifestation of gladness that occurred at the unexpected magnitude and peaceful accomplishment of the deliverance. The full and unfettered heart overflowed with exultation, and found its only fitting expression of gratitude in the jubilant Psalm which speaks of the exiles of Judæa coming back from Babylon, 'their mouth filled with laughter and their tongue with singing, for the Lord had turned again the captivity of Zion.' But unhappily this breaking of the bonds of oppression, and this loosening of the tension which held in abeyance their dearest and most generous impulses, was followed by a dissolute-



ness of manners which tainted all classes among us. This moral depravation was again, as might be expected, the precursor of an incredible indifference to religious teaching and religious ordinances.

This brief review may help us to form for ourselves a picture of the social and religious condition of Wales at the time when Mr. Griffith Jones commenced his pious labours, and may indicate some of the difficulties with which he had to contend before he could hope to bring about any effectual reformation.

Griffith Jones was born in the year 1683 in the parish of Cilrhedyn. This parish lies partly in Carmarthenshire and partly in Pembrokeshire. His parents were in respectable circumstances. Losing his father when young, he was left to the sole charge of his mother, who appears to have been well calculated to bring up her son in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. That she succeeded in this, which must have been the main object of her prayers and care, we well know, for it is expressly stated that from childhood he was deeply impressed with that strong sense of religious obligations which he carried with him through life. All his biographers speak of him as 'a religious child,' fearing God and eschewing evil. Other saintly men, pre-eminent in the service of religion and humanity, such as Pascal, Jeremy Taylor, Bishop Butler, Bishop Wilson, Bishop Heber, and the late Dean Stanley, were also blameless in every period of their lives, and

at every stage of their career, thus exemplifying the blessedness of early training in the ways of wisdom and piety. It is also related of Griffith Jones that he was of a studious and retiring disposition, fonder of his books than of play. This, perhaps, might be partly ascribed to his weakly constitution. In his youth he was subject to some debilitating complaint, the nature of which is not more particularly described, and, indeed, throughout his life his health at best was but fragile. He cherished from his earliest years the desire to devote himself to the ministry, and with this object he entered the Grammar School at Carmarthen. This school was founded in 1576 by letters patent from Queen Elizabeth. Several noteworthy men were educated in it besides the subject of our memoir, but we may remark in connection with him that such eminent preachers and dispensers of the Word of Life as Howel Davies, Peter Williams, Howel Harris, and David Jones of Llangan, entered the school in the succeeding generation, when Griffith Jones's name was a household word throughout Wales for his piety and active zeal, and were evidently inspired by his example to follow in the same course of evangelical labours. When twenty-five years of age he received, September 14, 1718, the order of deacon, and September 2, in the next year, of priest, at the hands of Bishop Bull. Bishop Bull was one of the most distinguished divines of that age, and one of its most

learned and famous controversialists. But what concerns us here is to mention that he showed himself particularly kind to Mr. Jones, who himself informs us that he was 'greatly indebted to the Bishop's counsels and friendly regard.'

He officiated for some time at Langharne, Carmarthenshire. From its salubrious situation, embosomed as it is in the midst of a richly-wooded dip of ground, and fenced from the keen air of the north and the more open air of the sea, this place must have been peculiarly suited to one of his weak health. He became acquainted here with Mrs. Bridget Bevan, widow of Mr. Arnold Bevan, or, as she is commonly known in Wales, Madam Bevan, a pious lady of position and of great intelligence. The earnest and faithful way in which he discharged his ministerial duties must have commended him to her warm appreciation, for she became henceforward one of his most constant and zealous patrons, and a most valued helper in his efforts at the reformation of his countrymen. He spent his last years at her residence at Langharne, and died there. Her name will be for ever associated with his in the grateful annals of Wales.

In the year 1711 the living of Llandilo Abercywyn was conferred on him, and in 1716 that of Llanddowror. To the latter he was presented by Sir John Phillips, with whose family Mr. Jones was intimate, and whose half-sister he married. Mrs. Jones was evidently a

true help-meet to him, and in full sympathy with his own ardent zeal in the cause of religion and the educational advancement of the poor. She died in 1755 at the advanced age of eighty. She seems to have been of infirm health, like himself. His letters to her are spoken of as exhibiting the tenderest solicitude for her welfare, and evidencing in the strongest manner his gentle and affectionate disposition.

His friend and patron Sir John Phillips deserves a brief allusion here. He resided at his ancestral seat, Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire. This is one of the oldest structures of the kind in Wales, probably dating from the reign of William Rufus, and is surpassed by none in beauty of site or variety of views, commanding as it does an unrivalled prospect of estuary, woodland, hill, and fertile plain. Having adhered to the Crown, it stood a siege in the Parliamentary war ; but capitulating on honourable terms, it escaped the fate of so many Welsh castles, which, by their dismantled and ruinous condition, still testify to the vindictive temper of the conqueror. Sir John is often mentioned by contemporaries as ' the champion of virtue ' and the pattern of enlightened patriotism. And all we know of him confirms this high character. In that age of religious indifference and open profligacy, his life of consistent piety and active benevolence sheds a lustre on the surrounding moral waste, and we hail it as a good omen that in the darkest day the Church

of which he was an attached member may yet supply sons of her own, prepared and adequate for dealing with any emergency. He was one of the earliest members of the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,\* and took special pains to direct its attention to the wants of Wales. He was also one of the founders of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. To enjoy the friendship of such a man as Sir John Phillips must have been a signal blessing to Griffith Jones. Which of the two friends acted most beneficially on the other we cannot say. The wide and mature experience and sound judgment of Sir John must have been of rare advantage to the eager young Welsh clergyman, whose greater learning, fresh vigour, and sanguine temperament, as well as the unexampled success which followed his ministrations, must have confirmed the faith of the old disciple, and opened out for him a splendour of vision with regard to the extension of the kingdom of Christ which otherwise might have been missing.

It was most probably through Sir John that Mr. Jones was brought under the notice of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The society solicited him to become a missionary among

\* The society passed on December 21, 1699, a vote of thanks to Sir John for 'his noble and Christian example in refusing a challenge.' This occurred before Steele in the *Tatler* began to hold up the duel to public opprobrium.

the 'Indians.' He gave his consent and prepared for his departure. But for reasons not now fully known the project fell through, and he remained in Wales. 'Among the Indians' undoubtedly denotes the West Indies and the American colonies. When we speak of India at present we mean that immense extent of territory which is subject to British rule in Asia, and lies to the east of the Indus. But at the period to which we are referred our possessions in those parts consisted only of a few factories. The society's operations we know did not extend beyond our own possessions, and it is not likely that one of Mr. Jones's zeal would be content to act simply as chaplain to one of the small factories in Madras, Bombay, or Bengal. When Columbus discovered the shores of America he believed, as is well known, that he had lighted on the eastern coast of Asia, and called them therefore the 'West Indies.' The British possessions in that direction comprised at the beginning of the eighteenth century Jamaica, Barbadoes, the Bermudas, and all the principal islands, as well as a vast but undefined territory on the mainland. The natives of these parts were then known as Indians, and they are still so called, as we have lately been reminded by reading in the periodical press of the war of the United States against the 'Indians.' The desire to convert them to the faith as well as revive the cause of religion in our own plantations, led some of the best sons of the

Church to offer themselves for mission work amongst them. One of these was Bishop Berkeley, the metaphysician, the philosopher, and philanthropist, to whom Pope ascribed 'every virtue under heaven,' and who in truth was one of the ablest and most lovable characters of the day, and who still remains the 'bright particular star' of the Irish Church. The Bishop actually crossed the ocean on his beneficent errand, but after waiting for three years in Rhode Island for the royal aid promised him, on finding the difficulties attending the enterprise insurmountable, he returned to Europe. The faithlessness of politicians was fatal to the success of his apostolic mission. The reasons which induced Mr. Jones to decline the society's invitation are, as we have seen, uncertain. It has been suggested that on consideration he concluded that his primary duty was to try and rescue his own countrymen, whose ignorance and irreligious habits practically put them on a level with the heathen abroad.

Having thus decided that the sphere nearest at hand was his special sphere of labour, he settled down to his pastoral charge with exemplary devotion, without losing sight of the spiritual destitution which made itself so painfully felt throughout the whole of his native Wales. He set himself to the task of reformation with a deliberateness of purpose that could not easily be checked or thwarted, and with a wise and assiduous preparation that augured well of ultimate

success. He discerned the latent capabilities, and made himself conversant with the racial peculiarities of his countrymen, and sought the most appropriate methods of beneficially using the one and developing the other. He cultivated their language, and came to be one of its most vigorous and idiomatic writers. He continued to study Latin and Greek, and there are indications that he was no stranger to Hebrew. He studied foreign as well as English theological works. The Bible and the Prayer-Book were his constant companions. His intimacy with the sacred Scriptures was extraordinary, as his published sermons and tracts prove. In these he advances no position but what is illustrated or enforced by some apt Scriptural quotation. He evidently concurred in the saint's dictum, '*Bonus textuarius bonus Theologus.*' He tried his best by precept and example to commend the liturgy to his flock, teaching them how to take their respective parts in the responses as provided for them. Nothing distressed him so much, his biographer tells us, as to 'hear the prayers of the Church read in a light, hurried, trifling, or unfeeling manner,' or in a manner that was pompous and affected. When conducting public worship himself, he ever showed a deep sense of the Divine presence, and all who attended on his ministrations could not fail to be struck and edified by his grave and reverent demeanour.

By his diligence as a pastor and the influence of



his great personal piety he soon increased his congregation, and the church of Llanddowror became a centre of attraction to the surrounding district. What largely contributed to his fame and usefulness was his recognised effectiveness as a preacher. For the attainment of his object, the salvation of souls and the revival of religion, he rightly judged that no better instrument lay ready to his hands or more binding on his conscience than the great ordinance of public preaching. Its efficacy has been proved in every stage of the Church's progress. But among no people, perhaps, has its worth been more appreciated than among the Welsh. From their emotional temperament, and probably from possessing an intellectual relish, if not a great natural aptitude for public speaking, they have always been peculiarly susceptible of its influence. The art has been diligently cultivated among them, and the traditional methods of treating subjects under discussion, and engaging the attention of an audience, have been a part of their hereditary training, as well as a matter of national interest. Their capabilities for forensic eloquence has been often exhibited in the highest judicial courts of England. No portion, perhaps, of the empire has supplied so many able and eloquent advocates and lawyers as Wales in proportion to its geographical extent and the very limited number of the inhabitants who could at all compete with Englishmen. For it

should be remembered that until lately the great majority of the natives were debarred from a fair competition by their inadequate knowledge of English. But however that may be, it is undeniable that for many generations, extending back at least to the time of Vicar Pritchard of Llandovery, the pulpit has exercised a wide and powerful fascination for Welshmen. We have had a long succession of earnest dispensers of the Word, who were unsurpassed in sacred oratory, calculated to win the suffrages of the cultivated classes as well as of the rude peasantry. For it is a mistake to suppose that the popularity of Welsh preaching is due to its superficial character, extravagant action, or a peculiar intonation of the voice, without any display of the superior graces or any appeal made to the understanding. It is true that some ministers have a wonderful way of delivering portions of their sermons, generally the peroration, in melodious cadences, practically a kind of chant, which from the lips of the real and trained magician never fails to captivate a Welsh congregation. But our most efficient and approved preachers have ever been the most natural in their mode of speaking, the most intelligent, and the greatest masters in the art of rhetoric. Such was the case with John Elias o Fôn, Williams o'r Wern, Jones o'r Vaynor, Griffiths of Llandilo, Griffiths of Nevern, Howell Harris of Trevecca, and Daniel Rowlands of Llangeithio. But with none

more conspicuously so than with their illustrious precursor and exemplar, Griffith Jones, the subject of our memoir. All our notices of him dwell, indeed, on his earnest, impressive, and persuasive mode of delivery, but no less dwell on the lucid and orderly arrangement of his matter, his graphic and original presentment of the truth, and on his constant efforts at informing and enlisting the judgment of his hearers. They set him before us in his own appropriate light as a good minister of Jesus Christ, and a faithful steward of the mysteries of God, who rightly divided the Word of truth, and always endeavoured to adapt himself to the varying conditions of men, and impart to each several faculty and need of the soul its portion of meat in due season, warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

His reputation, as was intimated, spread far and wide. Invitations poured in on him from the clergy to preach in their parishes. In anticipation of the practice of our own days, he became what would be now called a missionary or a mission priest. At stated periods it was his custom to go on a mission tour, and his ministrations never failed to gather everywhere immense congregations. We are told that sometimes no less than four or five thousand would attend. When the church could not accommodate the throng, he would address them in the churchyard,

standing on a tombstone or the greensward. Finding that at certain seasons, generally the great festivals, the country people assembled in great numbers for recreation, but that unhappily the recreation degenerated into riotous and profligate courses, which were incredibly pernicious to the young, he would attend on such occasions with the object of reproofing the immoral and restraining the unruly, and of seizing the opportunity offered by such gatherings of sowing the good seed which beareth fruit unto eternal life. These tours became known as the 'Vicar of Llanddowror's Easter and Whitsun Circuits.' Their salutary effects were surprising. 'I have heard it said by one who usually accompanied Mr. Jones on these occasions,' writes Mr. Charles, of Bala, 'that the appearance of the assembled multitudes would be at first wild, fierce, and rude, but by degrees, under his preaching, it became grave and serious, and the people at last would shed tears and weep.' He had the honour to be summoned to preach before Queen Anne, and at some time in his life he was invited to preach in Scotland. A more striking proof of his power as a preacher, and the wide, profound, and lasting influence of his pious labours, could not be found than in the well-known fact that the Rev. Howel Davies, the evangelist of Pembrokeshire, claimed him as his spiritual father; that the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, the most renowned of all Welsh preachers, ascribed his

conversion to one of his sermons ; that the Rev. Peter Williams, the Welsh divine and commentator, traced his first serious thoughts to his visits to Llanddowror, when his mother used to carry him as a little child to hear its celebrated Vicar ; and that from his tracts and forms of prayer John Elias, the chief ornament of the Calvinistic Methodist denomination, received his earliest religious impressions as he heard them read in his grandfather's home in the remote county of Carnarvon. His life and labours have been indeed the Divine leaven which has leavened the Principality, and transformed it from its former rude and profane condition to be such as we see it at present—a country of peaceful and thriving industry and exemplary religious observances.

But into such a state of gross ignorance had the country sunk, that Mr. Jones found that preaching alone would not meet all the requirements of the case. This did not apply solely to the enthusiastic and immethodical exhortations of the sectaries who might consider all religion to be a sermon, and were perilously liable to add two other principles of evil to St. John's three, the lust of the ear and the lust of the tongue. And, to use again Bishop Jeremy Taylor's phrase, these were in the habit of bidding men 'Get Christ,' just as it is reiterated in our days, 'Get salvation,' without any intelligent effort to lay the requisite foundation, much less to build up in our most holy

faith. The sermon may be sound in doctrine, as well as earnest in delivery, and yet the results fall far short of what they should be, because the hearers are not sufficiently grounded in the verities of the Gospel. If the inculcation of religion be wholly or principally confined to public preaching, it is most improbable that all the counsel of God should be declared, or the due proportion of the Faith be observed, or 'the man of God made perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works.' Mr. Jones's language on this point is remarkable. 'It is painful in the extreme,' he says, 'to discover the comparative inutility of popular preaching. Many aged persons, who have been all their lives under pulpit instruction, are found on close personal inspection to be lamentably ignorant in the things pertaining to their eternal welfare. When for the time they have followed preachers, they ought to be themselves qualified as teachers, they have need to be again taught the first principles of the oracles of God ; they have, indeed, been ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.' A certain captivating strain of preaching, with an air of confidence in the preacher, he adds, may issue in certain results. It may give religious views and opinions, and create feelings of fear or assurance, sorrow or joy, love or hatred. And these may appear as the hopeful symptoms of true piety, but too often, alas ! they are as transient as the morning dew, and as

barren as a plant without a root. The necessity of some supplementary means being thus pressed on his attention, he had recourse to the primitive custom of public catechising. This custom had been in abeyance in Wales for a long time, and to its neglect Mr. Jones largely attributed the low state of religion in the country, and the prevalence of erroneous doctrines. He set himself with his usual energy and address to revive it. He entered first on this course of instruction among his own parishioners, but he gladly admitted to his classes all who might wish to join. He recommended this pious custom\* to others, and addressed his countrymen on the subject in a long and powerful letter. In this letter he remonstrates with great severity with the careless and slothful section of the clergy, and then turns to ask parents, employers of labour, and all in authority, to do their part in the work of promoting Christian knowledge. He reasons with them, showing the hopelessness of expecting any great reformation of manners unless proper pains be taken with the young. He draws his arguments from sacred and secular history, from ancient and modern examples. He instances the Mahometans

\* The custom has ever since, more or less, prevailed in Wales as much indeed among Nonconformists as among Churchmen. '*Holi'r Pwngc*' refers to it. '*Pwngc*' means the point of doctrine, or the doctrinal subject appointed for rehearsal and discussion.

and Roman Catholics, who both know the value of catechetical instruction for getting hold of the young. He alludes to the boast of the Jesuits, that if allowed to instil in this way their tenets into the tender and susceptible mind, were it only in private, and were they prohibited from teaching at all in public, they would infallibly undernine the Protestant religion, and plant their own form of religion in all countries and among all classes. But he chiefly relies for the assent of his readers on the authority of the Scriptures, the practice of the primitive Church, and the express injunctions of our own particular Church. This appeal to the original source, the depository and expounder of the Truth, he feels to be like the proverbial threefold cord of irrefragable force. He reminds his readers that the religious teaching of the young was imperative in the Jewish Church. That this instruction was given catechetically, he has no doubt. He refers to the well-known incident in the life of our Lord, when He condescended to teach and to be taught in this way (St. Luke ii.). He proves that the same method was pursued by the Apostles, as in the case of their first converts, such as Theophilus and Apollos, who are explicitly stated to have been catechetically instructed in the way of the Lord (St. Luke i. 4 ; Acts xviii. 25). He confirms his position by the opinion of learned commentators and Church historians, that a catechism or a brief sum-



mary of Christian truths was drawn up in the time of the inspired writers of the New Testament, and was in use among the early believers. Thus St. Paul commanded Timothy, whom he had ordained and set over the Church at Ephesus, 'to hold fast the form of sound words,' 2 Tim. i. 13; 'the words of faith and of good doctrine,' 1 Tim. iv. 6; 'the wholesome words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the doctrine which is according to godliness,' 1 Tim. vi. 3; and in his Epistle to the Romans he thankfully acknowledges their hearty obedience to that 'form of doctrine which was delivered them.' By these and similar pointed expressions we can only understand consistently with the testimony of ancient writers, and with the obvious repetition of the same familiar words pertaining to doctrine in Churches far apart from each other, the existence of a common authoritative religious form such as we designate a catechism. It was by the acceptance and common use of such a document that the primitive Christians were joined together in the unity of that 'faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints,' and continued grounded and settled in that faith, even as they had been taught. He then traces the continuity of this kind of instruction through the first centuries. He mentions with a glow of sympathy and admiration some of the most famous catechetical schools, such as those of Antioch and Alexandria, which were presided over by such

teachers as Pantæus, Clement, Origen, and Cyril, men illustrious for their scholarly attainments, great intellectual powers, deep and unquestioned piety, and the high positions they occupied in the Church. But in the spirit of humility and self-sacrifice, which the Gospel, indeed, enjoins on every man, these celebrated divines took on themselves the lowliest duties, and were willing to forego their beloved Greek and Roman classics, and even the study of the profounder mysteries of natural and revealed religion, that so they might instil the rudiments of the doctrines of Christ into the minds of the young and ignorant. Justly esteeming that no growth and no perfection is possible unless the foundation be early and firmly laid, they applied all the resources of their learning and persuasion to this primary duty. Differences of opinion may exist with regard to some of their sentiments, and possibly of some of their actions ; but their fame as painstaking and successful teachers of catechumens, as faithful labourers in the vestibule of the Temple of Truth, remains pure and unalloyed, and will last as a guiding and inspiring light until the Church's earthly task is done, and her warfare accomplished, and she herself is enabled to collect her jewels, and present them to her Lord and Saviour, ' Behold I and the children which God hath given me.'

But eminent as Mr. Griffith Jones was as a preacher, writer of theological treatises, and the restorer of

catechetical teaching, it is, perhaps, for his great solicitude for the advancement of the elementary education of the poor, the institution of free schools for them, and the practical wisdom he evinced in their management, that he is best known to us. Essential as the education of the common people might be for the accomplishment of the design of the Gospel that the poor should be admitted as fellow-citizens into the kingdom of grace, and fellow-heirs to all its immunities and blessings, the desire for its promotion does not seem to have been very widely entertained: it is certain that no systematic effort for its furtherance had been tried before. The education of the richer classes was provided for at the Universities, that of the middle classes, to some extent, at the public grammar schools, established at the time of the Reformation; but the peasantry and the masses collected in towns and hamlets, who were dependent on manual labour for their subsistence, had been hitherto neglected. Their state of hopeless ignorance, which was at once a disgrace and an abiding menace to the community, as well as the extreme destitution into which they had fallen, rendering them incapable of self-help, excited in Mr. Jones feelings of the deepest commiseration, and though the project seemed even to himself a dream which could never be realized, he cast about for some scheme for their relief and elevation. The subject presented itself

and engaged his attention, as he tells us himself, by the intimate acquaintance he formed with them in his customary course of catechising. On the Saturday before Sacrament Sunday his habit was to assemble the common people for the purpose of preparing them for the holy rite, following in this, no doubt, the example set a few years before by Dr. Woodward's societies, and subsequently taken up and continued by the evangelical clergy and the Wesleyan ministers in England. The Church Service for the day was read on these occasions at Llanddowror, and the catechising took place immediately after the Second Lesson. He was so struck with the incredible ignorance displayed by the attendants at these meetings, even in the simplest truths of religion, and in the commonest concerns of every-day life, beyond their own narrow and restricted spheres, that he could not rest until some remedy might be discovered. Too often the effects of preaching, as was acknowledged, went no further than the surface ; and even catechising, occasional as it must necessarily be, left much to be desired : after every endeavour, very much land remained still untilled and unsown. The function of teaching, indeed, was necessary, and by the Divine Master made obligatory on the minister ; but the duty of learning was no less needed on the part of the disciple. The peremptory command to communicate knowledge implied the obligation of having a readi-

ness of mind to receive it, and this essential condition was no doubt abundantly manifested by the eager crowds who came to church and the catechetical classes. But the number of those who stood in need of constant instruction was so great, and their situations so diversified and far apart, scattered as they were on mountain slopes, on moorland, in secluded dingles, and along an extensive stretch of coast, as to outstrip and overtask the few labourers in the vineyard who at all sympathized with his own ardour, and felt a real concern for the souls of men. Besides, would it not be well to associate, if possible, the learners of every grade in the work of the official teacher? New emergencies may require new measures. The Spirit of conviction and sanctification is not bound to His own recognised prescript. He works not only at sundry times, but also in divers manners. He has promised to confer the privileges of a true primogeniture on all real Christians. And He is as ready and as efficacious as ever to inspire and teach the hearts of His faithful pastors and teachers to perceive and know what things they ought to do in order more fully to accomplish His own gracious purposes. In the absence of the regular and official agency, a plan might be discovered by which the people might help themselves, and that at all seasons and in their own homes. In this way might not the fervent wish of Moses, and the ultimate aim of the new dispensation, be realized

here, and our own beloved Wales become 'a kingdom of priests,' when they 'shall not teach any more every man his brother and every man his neighbour, saying, Know the Lord, for all shall know Him from the least to the greatest'? In order to help to effect this, some new means must be devised in addition to those already in use. The wonderful art of printing opened out a prospect of compassing results which would be otherwise unattainable. It had enlarged our conception of the capabilities of the future, and revolutionized the old methods of reaching the masses. But had it not also imposed an additional obligation of the greatest urgency and importance on the evangelical ministry? Why could not printed manuals and books of a suitable character be widely circulated through Wales at a cheap rate? The provision of such publications was lamentably meagre in the Welsh language, but to supply the deficiency, Mr. Jones composed himself and issued from the press several admirable works in the shape of tracts, forms of prayer, sermons, and letters, as well as his celebrated exposition of the Catechism, which for masterly analysis, clear and full presentation of the doctrines of grace, and the earnest and affectionate spirit that pervades and animates the whole, cannot be excelled. He prevailed also on the Christian Knowledge Society to print two or three editions of the Welsh Bible, which were quickly disposed of. But the best human

compositions, and even the Book of books—*Sancto-sacra Biblia*—*Y Beibl cyssegr-lân*—God's own Holy Word—would be of no avail if the people could not read. He felt this, and saw that the only remedy lay in the spread of popular education. Some desultory and intermittent efforts had been already made in England to provide free schools for the poor, and even in Wales the Rev. Thomas Gouge, who is represented as remaining 'a faithful member of the Church,' although he had ceased to officiate at her altars, had been enabled by the aid and with the advice of Dr. Tillotson and other English friends to open half a dozen schools of the kind. But these were confined to towns, and the instruction in them being conveyed in English, they were comparatively ineffectual, and soon abandoned. Mr. Jones was the first pioneer to venture on a deliberate and systematic effort in this direction. It was he who first popularized education, and planted it on a firm and permanent basis. He began in a humble way in his own parish, supporting the school there principally by means of the church offertories. Finding it to answer beyond his expectations, he opened other schools in neighbouring parishes. He then formed an association of voluntary subscribers towards providing the necessary funds. The Christian Knowledge Society voted him a liberal grant. His growing reputation as an ardent promoter of the education of the poor, and the confidence re-

posed in his judgment, won the sympathy of many who would otherwise have been inclined to discountenance the novel enterprise, and contributions were thus sent him from many parts of England as well as Wales. 'Thus encouraged, the schools rapidly multiplied. In the annual report, issued by himself, and called 'Welsh Piety,' we have statistics and details given us as to their progress. In the year 1741, that is eleven years after their commencement, the schools amounted to 128, and the scholars to 7,595; whilst in the year 1760 the schools amounted to 215, and the scholars to 8,687. The total number of those who during those years passed through the schools were computed at 158,237. This number, large as it is in proportion to the population of Wales, which must at that time have been short of half a million, if it applies only to day scholars, by no means represents the entire number who were brought under instruction. For the masters were engaged to open night-schools as well, and admit all such as might be desirous to learn, but in consequence of the necessity under which they lay to follow their vocations in the day, could only afford their evenings for the purpose. In the winter time these schools were crowded, and the eagerness to learn was shared by adults, and even by many in advanced years, thus evincing that the field was indeed white for harvest, and the barrenness of ages, the result of deep and depressing ignorance,



was to be attributed to no want of disposition to learn, any more than of mental capacity on the part of our countrymen, but to the criminal neglect with which they had been treated by Church and State. This reproach of neglecting the poor it is the glory of the Vicar of Llanddowror to have removed, and to have shown the more excellent way, which eventually led to the establishment of National schools and to the present School Board system. He initiated a movement which is every day spreading, and is likely to become world-wide in extent : for it carries with it the approval of every thoughtful and observant person as the only effectual means for securing the peaceful and permanent progress of nations.

The plan on which he proceeded was simple, such as best suited the poverty and scattered state of the population. He engaged a body of schoolmasters, some of whom he trained himself, of whose piety and competency he was well assured, and on whom he could rely to carry out his instructions, which were to teach the people to read, first in Welsh and afterwards in English, to ground them well in Scriptural knowledge and the Catechism, to familiarize them with the use of the Common Prayer-Book, teach psalmody, and try to promote in every possible way their moral and religious advancement. Gradually the curriculum widened, and embraced, but in the simplest form, the subjects which are comprised in what is known as

elementary education, such as writing, ciphering, history, and geography. As the supply of funds and fit teachers was found inadequate to the demand, these masters were first sent to the most populous centres, and then in the course of a year or two removed to the most destitute agricultural parishes; but in no case were they sent to any parish except with the express sanction of the parochial clergy, who were invited to exercise a general supervision over the schools and masters, and report to Mr. Jones. After an interval the masters were again to revisit the places from whence they started, and resume their suspended courses of instruction, thus carrying out so far as practicable the founder's design that every parish in Wales, and every succeeding generation of Welshmen, should be supplied with the means of elementary knowledge, and with religious incentives to a well-regulated and godly life. On account of their periodical removal from place to place, and the gratuitous instruction offered in them, these schools became known as 'Mr. Griffith Jones's Welsh Circulating Charity Schools.'

So long as Mr. Jones lived, he continued to guide the movement which he had originated, and never relaxed his efforts to extend and improve it. At his death, he left in the hands of his friend, Madam Bevan, upwards of £7,000 to be applied for the benefit of the schools; and that lady likewise, who

died in 1779, gave by will Mr. Jones's books and estate, as well as the residue of her own estate, for their 'use and support so long as the same should continue.' Unfortunately Lady Stepney, the heiress-at-law, was advised to contest the validity of the will, and the matter was thrown into Chancery, where it remained for nearly twenty years, during which time the schools were closed. It was at last decided in favour of the schools. The money whilst in Chancery had increased through interest on the principal to over £30,000. After a long suspension the charity became again available in 1809, and ever since has been in active operation, proving to be an incalculable blessing to Wales, and a lasting memorial to the benevolent and enlightened patriotism of the good Vicar of Llanddowror.

When the decision thus went in favour of the schools, a scheme for the management of the charity was drawn up, and embodied in an order of the Lord Chancellor, dated July 11, 1807, under which, with some alterations necessitated by the changing circumstances of the times, it is still administered. The new scheme was, in the main, in accordance with Mr. Jones's express wishes. Men of position and influence were appointed trustees, and two paid inspectors\*

\* The first clerical inspector I remember was the Rev. Eleazar Evans, Vicar of Llanegwad. He was the last person I knew who wore powdered hair. The powder was silver gray, which,

were allowed for the purpose of examining the schools every six months, and reporting on their condition to the trustees and the Bishop of the diocese. It was also stipulated that a central school should be fixed at Newport, Pembrokeshire, to act as a model school, and a place of short training for the masters. As it was here I had the privilege, when a child, to receive the first and soundest part of my own education, let me be permitted, *loqui Johnsoniani more*, to indulge myself in the remembrance of the school and its late head-master.

The foundation-stone of the new schoolroom was laid by Bishop Burgess. The new master was chosen by the trustees on the recommendation of the Rev. W. Grey Hughes, curate of Newport, and the Rev. David Griffiths, Vicar of Nevern, men of a kindred spirit and of equal ministerial talents with the Rev. Griffith Jones. He was sent for training to the National Society's Model School at Westminster. Among other advantages which he derived from his stay there, he was specially taught the system known as Dr. Bell's, which in those early days of popular education was supposed to be a discovery

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together with his ruddy and youthful complexion, and his scrupulously clean and clerical attire, gave him a most pleasing and venerable look. As a rule, the Welsh clergy have been always remarkably attentive to their personal appearance.

of the greatest importance,\* likely to supersede the old slow, laborious, and irksome method of teaching, and relieve the professional teacher of half his work. But what it actually did was to facilitate the work of instructing a large number of children by means of pupil teachers; but then, again, these required not only constant supervision on the part of the responsible master, but also separate lessons, most frequently out of school-hours, in order to qualify them for the work of teaching others. So it was but the old saw once more verified, 'Nil sine labore, nil magnum sine magno labore.' The new master entered on his appointment with a deep sense of the importance of the post conferred on him, and with rare qualifications for the discharge of its duties. In person he belonged to what we cannot but think is the best type of his Celtic race—well-knit, short in stature, but a model of physical symmetry, agile and quick in his movements, with jet-black hair, round, solid head, full and seemly brow, and eyes keen as the falcon's, and yet beaming with the tenderest feeling. From the first he made a favourable impression, which increased as the years passed, and grew into sincere and inalienable regard and affection. Under his control the school proved of the greatest benefit

\* Even the sedate and philosophic Wordsworth was strongly moved when contemplating the 'marvellous effects' that would accrue from Dr. Bell's system. See 'Excursion' and note.

to the whole district. Though in its essential scope and practical working it was simply a common national school, it was repeatedly remarked that the children of the poor were so carefully trained in it that many of them rose to high and responsible positions in after-life. In conformity with the objects of the trust, he ever sought the moral and spiritual well-being of the place. He was an admirable Sunday-school conductor, conveying in the most striking and forcible manner catechetical instruction to the young. He was unequalled in his management of Bible classes and communicants' meetings, imparting to them the rich stores of his various experience and studies, and his own spirit of glowing piety, so as to make them the delight and blessing of all who came to them. When friends or relatives pressed on him the need of occasional rest, he would reply with Arnauld, 'Rest ! have we not all eternity to rest in ?' Thus staunch to duty, loyal to his Divine Master, helpful to his fellow-men, and nobly indifferent to all inferior considerations, he spent nearly half a century at the head of the school, and enjoyed what he considered as the supreme felicity of dying in harness, having been laid aside by illness from his loved employ only a few days before his death.

We have been led to dwell so much on the master of the central school of the charity, not that we believe he was an exception to the others, but to

show the spirit of devotedness to their duties which was inculcated on all the masters, and was, we are sure, exemplified by most. And distributed as these masters were throughout the country, and acting under the advice and with the sympathy of the pious clergy and laymen, we can well believe that they not only carried the primary means of education to the remotest corner, but also materially helped to form and deepen that religious character by which the Welsh people have been so long and honourably known.

What we have to add in relation to Mr. Jones may be summed up in a few words. His life was one consistent whole, characterized as it was in every stage and at every turn by the same unblemished personal piety, untiring industry, and unfaltering constancy to the great purpose which lay so near to his heart. In the discharge of the ministry to which he had aspired from his earliest years, and in the prosecution of his great task, the religious, social and intellectual amelioration of his countrymen, he occupied himself with a zeal which knew no remission and no weariness. He continued faithful unto the end. In the morning he went out to sow the seed, and in the evening he withheld not his hand. In the closing scene, when his release was at hand, he showed his characteristic humility and faith. To an old friend who one day called to see him, he made a

most humiliating confession of his own deficiencies and unfruitfulness. His friend said that he ought not to have spoken in this manner, as he had been very laborious through life, and God had made him an instrument of great good. He was much agitated by this, and quickly and very emphatically answered: 'R—s, do you take the part of the enemy?\*' To another friend he expressed his gratitude to God, and enumerating some signal instances of the Divine goodness to himself, he summed them up in the one surpassing act of mercy that he could 'clearly see what Christ had done and suffered for him, and that he had not the least doubt of his interest in his Almighty Saviour.' At another time he was heard to say, 'Blessed be God! His comforts fill my soul.' And thus in the enjoyment of much comfort and peace, and with an undoubting hope of entering into rest, he died on April 8, 1761, in the seventy-eighth year of his age and the fifty-third of his ministry. He was buried at Llanddowror. His friend and fellow-labourer in the Lord, Madam Bevan, the good and

\* A singularly similar scene occurred at the departure of Mr. Jones's earliest friend and patron. 'When Bishop Bull was in his last moments, his son-in-law, with a view of administering to his comfort, reminded him of the good he had done by his life and writings, and of his various exertions in the cause of religion. "My only hope," replied the Bishop, "is in the mercies of God through the merits of Christ."' 'Life of Bishop Burgess,' by John S. Harford.



gifted lady to whom we have so often referred, erected in the chancel of the church of that parish a monument to his memory. The inscription on the monument testifies unmistakably to her own intense admiration of him, and though perhaps too long and circumstantial for modern taste, yet as the language of a sincere and grateful heart, and as we know that its record is true, it cannot fail to find a response in ourselves, and call forth our feelings of deep veneration and love for the great evangelist of Wales, and one of the brightest and most beneficent luminaries of the Church of England in the eighteenth century.

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT ERECTED  
BY MADAM BEVAN.

Sacred to the Memory  
of the  
REVEREND GRIFFITH JONES,  
Rector of this Parish and of Llandilo.  
He was presented to the latter July 3, 1711,  
To the former July 27, 1716.  
From his first admission into Holy Orders  
He devoted himself wholly to the duties  
Of his sacred function,  
Which he continued faithfully and conscientiously  
To discharge throughout the course  
Of a long life :  
Conscious of the importance of the vocation wherewith  
He was called,  
He applied all his time and attention  
To that one great concern which came upon him daily,  
‘ The care of all the Churches : ’

In his preaching  
He inculcated the plainest and most obvious duties  
Of Christianity,  
Which he enforced upon the minds of his hearers  
With a truly Christian zeal,  
And in so interesting a manner that none could depart  
Unaffected or unedified.  
Nor was he an instructor from the pulpit only :  
His own example added weight to every precept,  
His whole life was a constant illustration of  
The religion which he taught.  
The circulating Welsh Charity Schools  
Owe their rise, progress, and continuance to his  
Humane and beneficent disposition ;  
This pious undertaking was attended with such success,  
Under his management and conduct,  
That at the time of his decease  
The number of schools exceeded three thousand ; of scholars  
An hundred and fifty-eight thousand.  
He was indefatigable and successful likewise  
In procuring two large impressions of the Welsh Bible,  
Which were sold at a low price for the  
Benefit of the poor,  
He composed and published several useful books  
On religious subjects in Welsh and English ;  
He sought out all opportunities of doing good.  
It was the business of his life to approve himself on all occasions  
The vigilant and faithful pastor,  
The sincere and devout Christian,  
The good man :  
Though placed in an inferior station in the Church  
He performed services in the cause of religion .  
Which would have reflected a lustre  
On the highest :  
The divine Providence,  
Which had lent him long as a blessing to his country,

Was pleased to remove him  
On the eighth day of April, 1761,  
In the seventy-eighth year of his age,  
To an eternity of happiness in heaven,  
Where his conversation had always been.

*This Monument was erected by a Person desirous of paying every  
mark of regard to such distinguished merit.*

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#### MR. JONES PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH.

1. Platform of Christianity : an Examination of the Thirty-nine Articles.
2. A Letter to a Clergyman, evincing the necessity of teaching the poor in Wales.
3. The Christian Covenant or the Baptismal Vow.
4. Welsh Piety.

#### IN WELSH.

1. Family Prayers.
2. Free Advice.
3. A Call to the Throne of Grace.
4. A Guide to the Throne of Grace.
5. An Exposition of the Church Catechism by Questions and Answers.
6. Two Abridgments of this Exposition for the use of the Circulating Schools.
7. A Letter on the subject of Catechising the Ignorant.
8. The Duty of Praising God.

*SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS.*



### SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS.

**S**IR THOMAS PHILLIPS, Q.C., of Llanelen, Monmouthshire, whose friendship it was my privilege for many years to enjoy, was a native of Llanelly, Breconshire. His parents were highly esteemed for their intelligence, industry, and piety. When their son Thomas was but a youth they removed to the vicinity of Trosnant, near Pontypool, noted within my memory for its antique-looking cottages, with their quaint checkered windows and low beetling roofs, its narrow courts, and nondescript inhabitants of various nationalities. A remarkable neighbourhood altogether was that of Trosnant. Close by stood the Wire Mills, erected by Major Hanbury, the friend and confidant of the great Duke of Marlborough. Here also lived Dr. Read and his good wife Mally,\* whose praise may be still found in

\* By some unaccountable process the sweet name of Mary is transmuted in English into Molly, and in Welsh into Mally. But both seem to be in a fair way of being supplanted by the still more unaccountable substitute of Polly.

the *Methodist Calendar* for their fervent piety and great hospitality to the itinerant evangelist, and on whom the Rev. William Williams, of Pantycelyn, composed one of his most touching elegies. David Lloyd Isaac, the antiquarian, and author of 'Siluriana,' ministered here for many years to a Welsh Baptist congregation, but having conformed to the Church, he died at a vicarage in Carmarthenshire, to which he had been preferred by Bishop Thirlwall. The Friends, or, as they are popularly called, the Quakers, had a meeting-house at this place, formerly reputed to be the oldest in the country. The society at one time reckoned a fair number of adherents, but a mysterious and inveterate blight appears to have come over it, and although unusually free from external molestation, and visibly advancing in worldly prosperity, it gradually drooped and faded away as a religious community, until two or three members only of the brotherhood remained. And when I inquired after them, some years since, even these had disappeared. The room in which they had been accustomed to assemble for worship presented at the time of my visit a melancholy appearance. I was told that a Friend, who was a stranger to the neighbourhood, had recently come from a distance as a pilgrim to the shrine of his ancestors, and spent the best part of a Lord's day, solitary and silent, within that empty and neglected room. After a short stay in the neighbourhood of Pontypool young

Thomas Phillips removed to Newport, and was articled to Mr. Thomas Prothero, a solicitor in that town, and, by dint of energy and diligence, so won on the confidence of the firm that he was accepted as a partner. In 1839, whilst still practising as a solicitor, he was chosen Mayor of the town. The year was rendered memorable in local annals, and indeed in the ampler page of English history, by the occurrence of the Chartist riots.

As most of my readers are, no doubt, aware, the Chartists derived their name from what were termed the six points of the People's Charter, and had their headquarters at Birmingham. The six points were (1) Universal suffrage ; (2) Vote by ballot ; (3) Paid representatives in Parliament ; (4) Equal electoral districts ; (5) Abolition of the property qualification for members of Parliament ; (6) Annual Parliaments. Instead of resting their cause on reason and argument, the Chartist leaders in the National Convention determined to overawe the Government, and carry their points by violence and disorder. Large bodies of armed men assembled at night in various parts of the country, occasioning a wide-spread feeling of disquiet and alarm. This was especially the case with what are known as the Hills of Glamorgan and Monmouthshire.

In these large centres of busy labour, despite the prevalence of a high rate of wages, domestic misery, and neglect of even the common decencies of life,



became the rule, and not the exception. This, as might be expected, proved a fruitful ground for discontent and disloyalty, and the political charlatan and the rebel found in it all the elements they wished to work upon. Nowhere was the Chartist cause more readily espoused, and a spirit more stern or more reckless evinced in its favour, than on these Welsh hills. Henry Vincent and other itinerant agitators traversed them with indefatigable zeal, meeting with a cordial reception everywhere, and by their inflammatory speeches communicating their own enthusiasm to their infatuated adherents. When these had been formed into lodges, and officers under the names of captains assigned them, and their fidelity firmly established, it was decided by the Welsh leaders, William Jones of Pontypool, Zephaniah Williams of Coalbrook Vale, and John Frost of Newport, that a combined attack should be made on the town of Newport on Monday morning, November 4. A general gathering was ordered to take place at certain stated points on the Sunday previous. It was understood that of the three divisions into which the men had been distributed, one division was to start under the command of Frost from Blackwood, another under the command of Williams from a mountain above Nantyglo, and the third under the command of Jones from the Race, near Pontypool, and the three divisions were then to form a junction at Cefn, a place about

two miles from Newport. Sunday night, however, turned out to be wet and stormy, and the torrents of rain that fell, as well as the difficult mountain paths that had to be crossed, deterred many of their followers from continuing on the march. Still a solid body of fierce and determined men, organized, and very sufficiently armed, presented themselves before the town early on the morning agreed upon. There were some lately living who remembered their formidable appearance as they came down Stow Hill, and, wheeling to the right, deployed before the Westgate Hotel.

Living, as we have lived for many years, without any public alarm or fear of civil tumult, we can hardly now form a conception of the uneasy state of the country at that time. But if we cannot adequately realize, we can easily believe the accounts of eye-witnesses of the extreme consternation which seized the inhabitants of Newport when they found an infuriated multitude of Welsh mountaineers in their midst. But they relied with a full reliance on the skill, the sagacity, and cool and unflinching courage of their Mayor. And their confidence in him was justified. Through some negligence on the part of the executive, only one inconsiderable detachment of the 45th Regiment happened to be stationed in the district, and so threatening seemed its own post, from the disturbed condition of the country around, that but very few men could be taken from it, and placed

at the disposal of the Mayor, who had decided to make his final stand at the Westgate Hotel, in the centre of the town. The soldiers all told were but thirty, whilst their assailants were computed at eight thousand. The small band of defenders was under the command of Lieutenant Gray.\* He and the Mayor had barely completed their arrangements, after having been warned by a friendly scout of the imminence of the attack, when the rebels appeared, as already stated, in force, and with frightful menaces and brandishing of weapons they rushed on in a dense mass to storm the building. The Mayor had given orders to the soldiers to remain on the defensive, and by no means to provoke a conflict. The work of destruction was at once commenced by the assailants, and shots in rapid succession were poured into the various rooms. It was now time for the soldiers to act, and accordingly they were told to load with ball cartridges. The Mayor and Lieutenant Gray went forward to open the windows that the soldiers might fire from them. At the moment the Mayor was withdrawing from the window he was wounded in the arm with a slug, and

\* There were until recently a striking portrait of the lieutenant in the coffee-room of the Westgate Hotel, and a formidable long spear, with a sharp curved knife, about a foot below the steel point, which had been taken from the insurgents. The knife, it was supposed, was intended for cutting the bridles of the horse soldiers. The pillars also which stood outside the front entrance showed marks of several bullet shots.

he subsequently received a shot also in the groin. But the soldiers' fire proved so effective that the spirit of the crowd outside, and of the few who had forced an entrance into the passages inside, began to fail. The sight of their dead, and the groans of their wounded comrades, as well as the steadiness of the soldiery, completed their overthrow, and in an incredibly short time they retreated from the town, and fled away as best they could from the vengeance of the law that they had so daringly defied.

The friendly scout alluded to above was Mr. Thomas Walker, late of Pontypool. I knew him well in after-years, when he was an occasional attendant at my church in Monmouthshire. The only way in which he could account for the panic which seized the mob was the fact that many of them had been forcibly taken from their homes, and compelled to join the others on the march to Newport. The majority were unquestionably resolute and violent men, fully bent on mischief, and regardless of consequences.

Mr. Phillips's prompt and judicious conduct on this occasion, his firmness in the hour of trial, and his successful resistance to lawless aggression, gained him the admiration and esteem of town and country. He suffered severely from his wounds, but he was consoled by the numerous testimonies borne him by all classes of the community for the faithful discharge of his magisterial duties, and his adherence to the

cause of public order. The freedom of the City of London was presented to him. The inhabitants of Newport and the neighbourhood testified their sense of his merits by subscribing upwards of £800, and presenting him at the Westgate, the scene of his exploit, with a service of plate and with his own portrait. Her Majesty the Queen did him the honour of receiving him for one week as a guest at Windsor Castle, and subsequently knighting him.

In the second part of the 'Greville Memoirs,' recently published, a reference is made to Sir Thomas Phillips's visit at Windsor Castle, where his admittance as her Majesty's guest is mentioned as a bold and most unusual innovation on established customs, creating, it seems, a flutter in the dovecotes where Lord Normanby and Lord Melbourne (himself the grandson of a country attorney) ruled as masters of the ceremonies. I cannot do better, perhaps, than lay before my readers the passage in question at length. Charles Greville's Journal records that—

'On Monday last [some day in December, 1839] I went to Windsor for a Council. There we had Sir Thomas Phillips, the Mayor of Newport, who came to be knighted. They were going to knight him and then dismiss him, but I persuaded Normanby that it would be a wise and popular thing to keep him there and load him with civilities—do good to the Queen, encourage others to do their duty—and send him back rejoicing to his province, to spread far and wide the fame of his gracious reception. He said that etiquette would not permit one of his rank in life to be invited to the royal table. I said that this was all nonsense : if

he was good enough to come and be knighted, he was good enough to dine there, and that it was a little outlay for a large return. He was convinced, spoke to Melbourne, who settled it, and Phillips stayed. Nothing could answer better, everybody approved of it, and the man behaved as if his whole life had been spent in Courts, perfectly at his ease, without rudeness or forwardness, quiet, unobtrusive, but with complete self-possession, and a *nil admirari* manner which had something distinguished in it. The Queen was very civil to him, and he was delighted.'

For the purpose of recruiting his health, Sir Thomas about this time made a tour in the East, of which I regret to think but few reminiscences remain. In the appendix to one of his works he informs us that he landed in Spain, and reached Thebes, in Egypt, in the winter of 1842-43, then passed through Syria, and went as far as Damascus, 'the oriental pearl surrounded by emeralds,' where he witnessed the funeral rites of the last male descendant of the Prophet, who would not allow himself to enter that earthly paradise, lest amidst its delicious groves and sparkling streams he might forget the heavenly Paradise. Wherever he sojourned the traveller's thoughts reverted to his native country, and the customs of foreign nations led him to dwell on those which he had left behind him. When he noticed the uncontrollable fervour of the worshippers in the South of Europe at the Elevation of the Host, or at some other point of the impressive ceremonial of the Romish Church, he was reminded of the exhibition of similar emotion, so often kindled

and swayed by the eloquence of the Welsh pulpit, and when he heard the chant-like wail of women in funeral processions in the East, he failed not to recall the scenes that are so familiar in Wales, where the mourners also go about the streets, and as they accompany the dead to his long home 'sing psalms and hymns by the way.'

After his return from abroad he became the proprietor of a colliery. This was a distinction which Welshmen, who were at all actuated in those days by a spirit of enterprise and ambition, eagerly coveted. The knowledge that beneath the soil lay an inexhaustible fund of admirable coal, and the example of successfully working it, set by such men as the Crawshays, Baileys, Hills, and Powells, and the rapid acquisition by them of enormous fortunes, cast a spell on many who were otherwise doing well and had no particular motive to embark in hazardous speculations. These could not be at ease until they also joined in the venture, and dealt in what was significantly called 'the Welsh black diamonds.' The failures, it is true, were numerous, and often ended in irretrievable disaster. I have known myself several persons of more than ordinary intelligence who ruined themselves and their families by their persistence in the attempt to 'win' coal, and I have seen them for years afterwards haunting the scene of their discomfiture, like perturbed and mournful sprites,

feeling indeed no compunction for their neglect of friendly warning and counsel, and their folly in continuing the search against all probability of succeeding, but obstinately regarding themselves as victims of a blind and inscrutable destiny. Sir Thomas was more fortunate, his colliery proving highly remunerative, and he may be cited as one of the successful pioneers in the trade which has since grown into such proportions as to become one of the staple trades, and the greatest source of wealth, of South Wales. But the increase of his means, and the attainment of a more prominent and influential position in the country only made him to feel more deeply the obligation imposed on him to further the material and moral welfare of those who were thus brought into close connection with himself. He provided for them a beautiful church, which was stated to have been built in memory of his parents, and was dedicated to SS. Philip and James. He supported an excellent school for the children, established a lending library, and gave lectures for their instruction; he promoted sick funds and co-operative stores in connection with the colliery, and was never so happy as when he found himself in sympathy and in friendly intercourse with the people in his employ.

Having shortly after the suppression of the riots relinquished his practice as a solicitor, Sir Thomas Phillips was called, in the year 1842, to the Bar by the



Honourable Society of the Inner Temple. He enjoyed as a barrister a large and remunerative practice, especially in Parliamentary business. He became Q.C. in 1866, and continued his professional engagements up to the time of his death, reaping the well-earned fruits of his efforts, and displaying a learning, an acumen, elocution, and integrity calculated at all times to secure the confidence of clients.

It was a main object with him to encourage whatever might redound to the credit or advantage of Wales. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to discover exceptional talent, combined with culture, in any young Welshman. One instance of this may be mentioned. Whilst Sir Thomas had been thus bringing himself prominently to the front in South Wales, a young student of the name of Rowland Williams, a North Walian, had been at the same time pursuing a brilliant career at Eton and Cambridge, and had lately appealed to the suffrages of his countrymen by the publication of his 'Lays from a Cimbric Lyre,' and the genuine warmth with which he claimed for Wales an honourable place in the 'Hall of the Nations.' Sir Thomas was one of the first to give expression to the 'just pride' with which Williams was regarded in the Principality, and it was chiefly at his instigation that the Vice-Principalship of St. David's College, Lampeter, was offered to and accepted by Dr. Rowland Williams. A more eligible sphere of peaceful and

profitable labour could hardly be conceived for one of his ability and ardent patriotism, and had he allowed himself to be guided by such advisers as Sir Thomas Phillips, instead of being mastered by his own impetuous nature, and misled by the latest speculations of the boldest German Theorists, his residence at Lampeter, which proved to be such an unedifying episode, might have been an honour to himself and a blessing to his country. At the frustration of so many bright hopes, the alienation of so many valued friends, and the consequent vexation which evidently preyed on his proud and sensitive spirit during the latter part of his life, when he found himself hopelessly involved in troubles of his own seeking, and wasting his energies in a barren controversy, there was no sincerer mourner than the subject of our memoir.

It was a fine feature in Sir Thomas's character that whilst he was thus assiduously employed in his direct professional avocation, and in connection with it going through an amount of work that would have absorbed the entire available energy of a less active or a less disciplined mind, and conscious as he must have been that every day so employed brought with it its own golden fee, and every fee was an addition to the acquisition of a fortune, he yet never failed to apply himself with the greatest ardour and an unstinted hand to the encouragement and promotion of every social, educational, and re-

ligious movement that in any way tended to the advancement of his country. He took an influential part in all county business, and acted for some time as deputy-chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions. As chairman of the Society of Arts he rendered most valuable aid by his carefully-prepared occasional addresses and by his exertions to extend its benefits to the provincial societies that were in union with it. In the concerns of religion, whilst he was unaffectedly tolerant in matters on which good and intelligent men are prone to differ, and animated by the pervading spirit of the charity that 'never faileth,' as evidenced by his long and friendly intimacy with the Rev. Thomas Phillips, the late excellent Association Secretary of the Bible Society, there was one great and historic institution of the country to which he was strongly and unalterably attached, and that institution was the Church of England. Like his friend, the late Lord Hatherley, he thought it not beneath him to become a Sunday-school teacher. When at his residence in the country, he regularly taught a class of boys and took a warm personal interest in their career in life. He was a member of the Church Institution, and a governor of the Corporation of the Sons of Clergy, and of King's College. He was one of the foremost in establishing and supporting the Church Extension Society for the Diocese of Llandaff. He was the recognised friend and

counsellor of the clergy, from the Lord Bishop to the least known curate among us. In difficult and vexatious cases, or cases of pecuniary need, no one ever sought his aid in vain.

But it was as an Educationist that Sir Thomas left a most durable and conspicuous mark. The great and pressing need of an elementary system of popular education, as exhibited by the recent outrages, forced itself on his attention and roused him to action. The publication of certain Blue Books also served to stimulate him. These books, arresting as they could not fail to do, by their startling disclosures, the serious regard of all who had the country's welfare at heart, gave, nevertheless, great dissatisfaction by their partisan and exaggerated statements. Sir Thomas determined, therefore, to examine the question for himself. For this purpose he travelled the greatest part of the Principality, visiting every town, every village, and even many an out-of-the-way and sequestered country place, and by that means collected a mass of valuable information on the condition of the people, which he afterwards embodied in his book on 'Wales.' I venture to say that, for lucidity of treatment, for fulness of information, for calm, judicial statement, for tender yet discriminating sympathy with his poor and neglected countrymen, no less than for the suggestion of remedies applicable to their case, very few publications of the kind can be compared to this

one. Its author had previously published his pleasing 'Memoir of James Davies, of Devauden,' showing us how much good in the long-neglected but increasingly important department of education, that relating to the children of the poor in agricultural districts, could be done by one man who was himself placed in a humble position in life. Sir Thomas Phillips, if not exactly the founder, was one of the chief directors of the Welsh Committee of the National Society. To him, under its auspices, we owe, in a great measure, the Training College at Carmarthen. To him we are indebted for the application of a portion of Howell's Charity to the school for orphan and other girls at Llandaff. To him we are indebted for the restoration of what is known as the Gelligaer Charity, and for the scheme by which its funds were devoted to educational purposes in the district. To him we are principally indebted for the preservation and better endowment of the Collegiate School at Brecon. And of all modern labourers in the field of primary education for the labouring classes, which threatens now to be over-run by idle and amateur hands, who seem to seek only a new and interesting form of recreation, but was then beset with difficulties, with overt opposition and with secret and deep-rooted prejudices, which none but an intensely earnest and intrepid soul could face and surmount, Sir Thomas Phillips was the pioneer, the constant advocate, and

the most ardent and successful adventurer. It is but just to state that in these, as well as in all his other efforts at the amelioration of the people, he was encouraged and nobly seconded by his friends, Bishop Copleston, Bishop Ollivant, the late Dean Williams, and the Ven. Archdeacon Crawley. At the same time it is equally just to add that for the spread of sound religious education he was able to enlist the sympathies and obtain the assistance of the great iron and colliery proprietors of the two counties. Indeed, so conciliatory were his advances, and so great his influence, that it was a common belief that not one of those wealthy employers of labour, so apathetic before and so parsimonious, could well refuse any appeal Sir Thomas might deem fit to make.

Whilst he was thus pursuing his career of activity and usefulness, the warning came suddenly to him that his course was finished, and his work done, and that his Master was discharging him from his earthly toil and calling him up higher. His death took place on Sunday evening, May 26, 1867. On the previous Tuesday he had been engaged before a Committee of the House of Commons, and had been addressing the committee for about an hour, when, immediately on resuming his seat, he was struck with paralysis. He slightly rallied, but the inevitable hour had come, and on the Sunday, as I said, he entered the dark

portal, but emerged into the fuller life of another and a better world, where he rests in hope,

‘Till from the east the eternal morning moves.’

In person Sir Thomas Phillips was of medium size, with a well-made and compact frame, indicating great strength and power of endurance. His presence had an air of command, and yet he was one who could be loved and trusted at first sight. His smile was especially pleasant. He was never married. When in the country he lived, in conformity with his true character, in a plain and unostentatious manner. His country residence was at Llanelen, Monmouthshire, a village that lies at the foot of the Bloreng, and on the margin of the river Usk as it leaves the neighbourhood of Abergavenny and enters on its winding course through the pleasant domains of Llanover. He lies buried in the parish churchyard of Llanelen.

His sister Mary was married to the late Canon Price, Vicar of Llanarth, whose only son, Thomas Phillips Price, is the present member of Parliament for the Northern Division of Monmouthshire.

I shall not take the liberty of intervening between the reader and my subject with any attempts at improving it, but I may be permitted to state my conviction, that as in the case of many other good and great men of whom our common country is justly

proud, the life of Sir Thomas Phillips supplies us with a memorable example of an unconditional self-consecration to duty, and of its bounteous and blessed results. His polestar was duty, his highest ambition was to fulfil his duty, and his sweetest reward, the consciousness that he had tried to do so.

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**SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS' PUBLISHED WORKS.**

Wales : the language, social condition, moral character, etc., of the people.

Memoir of James Davies, of Devanden.





***THE CHURCH IN WALES.***



## THE CHURCH IN WALES.

**I**N addition to the old and stale heads of indictment, which were common, we suppose, to England as to Wales, we have been lately introduced in the Principality to a strange and singularly unscrupulous charge against the ancient historic Church of the country. It has been broadly asserted that she is an 'alien' Church. It might have been believed that such a charge lay beyond the bounds of possibility for anyone to make ; but it has nevertheless been made, and made, too, by some men who wish to be accepted as leaders of public opinion and national progress, and it is now repeated constantly on the platform and in the press as an undoubted truth, as it is certainly found to be one of the most effective means of rousing the animosity of those among us who would otherwise be indisposed to join in any revolutionary changes.

Some of our readers may perhaps have seen the feeble justification of the charge made by Mr. Stuart Rendel, M.P., in the *Contemporary Review* some time ago. It is remarkable that he and the principal

agents of the Liberation Society, who have been most active in fomenting and directing the agitation against the Welsh Church, are either Englishmen or Scotchmen, who must be practically unacquainted with our history and condition, and comparatively indifferent to our hereditary and distinctive possessions. The astounding assertion on their part that our Church is 'an alien' can be attributed, without any great breach of charity, to pure ignorance, or a callousness of feeling which would immolate the past, with all its rich stores of historical associations, on the altar of expediency and party politics. But by the very confident air, not to say the strange effrontery, with which it is made—and made, too, at a time when the old landmarks of sentiment and principle are violently and suddenly changed, as in one night, and a spirit of opposition to existing institutions is abroad—it is well calculated to make an impression on the popular mind, and to produce a considerable amount of mischief.

Undoubtedly a strenuous effort is being made at present to spread the erroneous notion in question among the masses; and the effort must necessarily be indeed both strenuous and persevering before a lodgment for such a notion can be effected among the honest and intelligent part of our people. For not only must the whole current of history be ignored or contravened, but the Welshman's ingrained habi-

tudes of thought and feeling must be changed as well. For the Welshman in his genuine state, and when undepraved by ideas and influences that come to him from external and alien sources, loves to dwell on the past and identify himself and his concerns with a long line of ancestral descent. This is evinced, as we need not add, by what has been considered by many as his inordinate love of family lineage, by his old-world ways and customs, and by his long and steady attachment to the old British tongue when, at the same time, he cannot but feel it an incumbrance on his commerce with the rest of the kingdom, and an impediment on his children's intellectual and social advancement. And this feeling he carries with him in reference to the Church. Whatever faults might have been alleged against its administration, all sections of our people have always, until recently, concurred in the common belief of its great antiquity, and of its identity, in most essential points, with the Church of their forefathers.

The agitators for disestablishment fasten on the designation by which the Church is popularly known. They direct attention to the fact that she is not called 'The Church of Wales,' but the 'Church of England in Wales,' as if that alone proved the validity of the accusation. They thrust this into the forefront, and infer from it a train of invidious and humiliating recollections and incidents. But what it does prove

to every candid mind is their own eager desire to avoid a deliberate discussion of the matter on its merits, and their wholesome dread of touching on the heart and centre of the whole controversy. It shows to what shifts the adversary is driven when he summons to his aid the discordant and discredited voice of passion and provincial prejudice. It is, indeed, an additional illustration of the proverbial abuse of the aggrieved party when no other resource is available to his opponent. But in connection with this particular ground of contention we would beg leave to state for ourselves in Wales, that not a Churchman among us would be inclined, on account of such a reproach, to disregard, or for an instant to forego, the honoured designation of our Church, which it has now borne for centuries, as the Church of England in the Principality. We claim—and we are ready to vindicate the claim—that we are a part, and an integral part, of the great and glorious English Church, and it is our fervent prayer that we may always remain in that happy condition, united in fortune as in faith, in common work and inalienable affection, and that no convulsion, social, political, or religious, may ever occur to sever the sacred bond.

Instead of this unity which at present subsists, and has subsisted for so many generations between the Welsh and English dioceses, forming a ground of complaint, least of all matter for an incriminating

charge, it should be a cause of joy and of the deepest gratitude, and every effort should be made to keep it whole and inviolate. By weakening the bond for any purpose whatever, and loosening one single tie, even the secular, which may serve at present to hold us together, we should not only be unfaithful to fraternal obligations and the true welfare of our common country, but also running counter to the best hopes and aspirations of Christendom. Even the late Mr. Spurgeon, the renowned Baptist pastor, who in his younger days was looked upon as an exponent of the dissidence of Dissent, had latterly expressed himself, in pathetic language, as utterly weary of religious divisions, and as yearning for the time when 'all Christians might blend in manifest unity.'

It has sometimes been stated that the union of the four Welsh dioceses with the Southern Province of England dates only from the reign of Edward I., and is a badge of conquest. What really occurred then was not the ecclesiastical, but the political, union between the two countries, which had been going on in a fragmentary way and with intermittent steps for a long time before. It was, we repeat, the successful completion of many previous efforts at effecting a political union that was the work of that reign. Wales was repeatedly brought under tribute to the earlier English kings. Its richest and most populous districts were occupied and subdued by the Normans



in the reign of William the Conqueror, and were held by the Norman Marchers in tenure to him and his successors. The political union became complete and irreversible when the whole country was annexed to the Crown of England, and for several competing chieftains (who used to disturb and harry the country with their endless feuds) was substituted one sovereign lord common to England and Wales ; and this took place, as everybody knows, in Edward I.'s reign. But the ecclesiastical incorporation — which, like the political, was a gradual process, and had been prepared and matured by a long series of close and intimate relations—had already taken place. It took place at least as early as the year 1112 A.D., when all the Welsh Bishops submitted to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The legalized recognition by the State of England was the only change that affected the Church by the annexation of the country in the time of Edward I.

But should we admit the full force of the argument in favour of the later date (King Edward's reign), we should still be in a position to show the groundlessness of the charge in its legal and constitutional, as well as religious, aspect. For the admission would involve the conclusion that the present Church in Wales has occupied the same political and religious status for six hundred years, and occupied it without a break in the descending line, and (with the excep-

tion of one brief interval, when she was the victim of ruthless violence) without any default in her representative character as the national Church. Such a long period—longer, as the reader knows, than the period of the full and final establishment of the Jewish Church, when all the tribes were placed under one divinely ordained monarchy, and remained so till the Babylonish captivity—assuredly offers a sufficient guarantee that she cannot with any propriety be called an alien. At any tribunal where truth could be heard the claims of all other rivals would be barred out; but in the Principality we know of no rival or claimant who could show the least colourable competency in opposition. To the Patristic and Mediæval Church, as well as to the Church of the Reformation, she can be the only residuary legatee.

Some persons, no doubt, would here point to the Roman Catholics. But, not to mention the process of development, or rather the process of endless change and miserable deterioration, which has been recklessly set in action in their Communion, culminating, as it did at last, in the famous Council of A.D. 1870, when the Immaculate Conception and the personal Infallibility of the Pope were voted as necessary and incontrovertible dogmas of the faith, and thus confirming by one irrevocable act the common opinion that the Church of Rome is other than she was, we can answer that practically that Church has

no adherents among us. So far as the natives are concerned—and it is they who should primarily be considered in this view—the Church of Rome has long disappeared from among us. Such adherents as it reckons in Wales are found in large seaports, such as Cardiff, or on the hills where iron and mining-works are carried on, such as Dowlais ; and they are almost wholly composed of Irish immigrants.

Other persons would probably point to Welsh Non-conformity, which, it must be confessed, is always in presence, and has latterly assumed, but with a considerable deduction, an attitude of extreme hostility. It would be a waste of time to prove, what we presume is well known, that this is a product which is indeed alien, and not native to the soil. In its origin it was unquestionably an importation. It is also comparatively of recent growth. It found here an uncongenial clime, and only made its home among us when forced by the factitious influences of political and social agitation and strife. And even then it could never have flourished, we believe, to anything like the extent that we at present see it, were it not for the almost insurmountable difficulties with which the Church had to contend in the discharge of her functions. Among these difficulties were her abject poverty, especially in South Wales ; the immense size and scattered population of many of her most important parochial cures ; the fact of having to minister in

two languages; and, we must add, of having to deal with the unreasonable prejudices that existed between what has been euphoniously called the 'masses and the classes.' It was from beyond Offa's Dyke that Welsh Nonconformity sprung. Our earliest Nonconformists were Puritanical clergymen, such as William Wroth, Vicar of Llanvaches, Monmouthshire, and William Erbury, Vicar of St. Mary, Cardiff. Our first Dissenting congregations were formed by them when they seceded or were ejected from the ministry in the Church. We do not believe that a dozen such congregations could be found in the whole of Wales in the last years of King Charles I.'s reign.\* It was under the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, when extraordinary efforts were made by him and his confederates to exterminate the Church in the Principality, that these congregations multiplied (all the offices of the Church at the time, it should be remembered, being suppressed, and the clergy cruelly persecuted), and Dissent may be said to have taken root in the country. It separated into three leading sects—the Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist. The Presbyterians soon adopted, like their English brethren, what they were pleased to call free and rational views

\* The late eminent patriot and philanthropist, Sir Thomas Phillips, was inclined to believe that there were only three Dissenting congregations in Wales at the beginning of the Civil War. See his work on Wales, p. 109.

of religion, and gradually lapsed into stark Socinianism. The other two—the Baptist and Independent sects—still survive, and, judging from their own published accounts, are in a fairly prosperous state, but are considerably dependent for their supply of intellectual fare, and even of their religious tenets, on their English allies. And the same external support is as much needed in the shape of monetary aid, and is freely and generously rendered by the same faithful allies, and is duly appreciated by the recipients. But into whatever form Welsh Dissent had cast itself, it is noteworthy that it had lost its hold on our countrymen until it was revived by the advent of Methodism.

Now the Methodists, as our readers are doubtless aware, were long reluctant to separate from the Church. They considered themselves for years in no other light than the skirmishing wing of the main army of the Church, who volunteered for the special service of awakening and reforming the ignorant and supine masses. A thousand pities that they were not officered and trained and put in the field under proper episcopal sanction, and with the hearty goodwill of the whole Church ! But separation was finally decided on, and the Calvinistic Methodists (who now, we believe, outnumber any other single Dissenting denomination) appeared as a distinct sect in A.D. 1810, under the guidance of the Rev. Thos. Charles, of Bala, one of the founders of the British and Foreign

Bible Society, whose real convictions, we are told, were overpowered by the pressure of the lay readers. The older members of the Methodist body still largely share in the feelings of affectionate attachment professed towards the Church by Mr. Charles and his immediate followers; but the younger members, who seem to mix more and more in the political movements of the day, and to care less for the unobtrusive but deep and unimpeached piety of their fathers, do not.\*

In whatever category they may place themselves as fellow-helpers to the truth, and fellow-labourers in the kingdom that is not of this world, and however highly they may be rated when their worth will be fairly and finally assigned (and no one can deny that their services have been great and substantial), none of these various sects can seriously be put forward in competition with the Church in point of age, visible continuity, national *prestige*, wide acceptance with the rich as well as the poor, and amount of important and permanent benefits conferred on the country. We may affirm, at all hazards, that it is not she that is 'an alien' here.

In the face of these plain facts, and especially of the incorporation of the ecclesiastical parts, Welsh

\* Articles on this subject appeared in *The Churchman* some four or five years ago, written by my late friend, Canon Powell Jones.

and English, and of the final union of the two countries six hundred years ago, the position of the Church in Wales, in regard to the charge of being an alien, cannot be disconnected from the position of the Church in England. What can be alleged against one can be alleged against the other. What is true and apposite of one is true and apposite of both. We are the same Church, such as both English and Welsh may equally claim as the ancient Church of the land; inseparably the same as the one which our forefathers, on finding the several ecclesiastical portions apart, whilst there was an identity of doctrine and discipline, and on being irresistibly impelled by Christian duty to join the severed portions together, formed into the one organic Church which has come down to us all through the centuries with common historical events and associations, and, we may add, with common hereditary possessions. The Church in Wales is no more 'an alien' than the Church in England.

But, as Churchmen, we, in 'gallant little Wales,' profess to enjoy a slightly better position still in point of antiquity, and in the matter of protestation against the charge of alienism. We derive the descent of our branch of the Church from a time higher than its acceptance of the primacy and jurisdiction of the See of Canterbury, and even anterior to the origin of the English Church in the southern parts under Augustine, when he received his memorable man-

date from Pope Gregory. The British Church existed before Norman, Dane, or Saxon crossed the Northern Seas and settled in any considerable numbers on the eastern shores of England, and even before the final departure of the imperial legions from the country for the purpose of defending Rome against the Goths in A.D. 411. Long before the appearance of Augustine in Kent she had built churches and established colleges and religious houses, and had already produced a martyr in St. Alban, a world-famous heresiarch in Morgan ('Pelagius'), several able and famous defenders of the faith once delivered unto the saints, a patron saint in Archbishop David, missionaries to the Picts and the Irish, and representatives at the Council of Arles (A.D. 314), and at the first General Council of Nicæa (A.D. 325). We must admit that conjecture and probability cannot be absent from the grounds of our judgment on the precise date of the earliest introduction of the Christian Church among our Celtic ancestors. Scholars and antiquarians have always differed on the subject, and, in the absence of authoritative records, must always necessarily differ. It may be impossible to satisfy Cardinal Newman's analytical requirements, and definitely state 'the how, the where, by whom, or the when,' as applied to its beginning; but the fact of its primitive origin, as early as the first centuries of the Christian era, rests, as it seems to us, on irre-



fragable evidence. If the testimony of contemporaneous and subsequent history, separate in its sources, but single in its attestation—diverging, it may be, in the accessories, but consentient on the main point, and fluctuating, perhaps, in its drift, but running at last in the same channel, as the unbroken traditions of a jealous and insulated people, the inhabitants of the country—can corroborate any event which has occurred in the past, and which has not occurred under our own immediate observation, then it is absolutely certain that Christianity reached our shores, and the Church was founded in Britain, at a very early period. And of this, the earliest branch of the Church Universal in the British Isles, the existing Church of England in Wales is the lineal descendant and the legitimate inheritrix. And yet, forsooth, she is termed ‘an *alien*!’ As well might they say that the Christian religion itself is alien to our race and country.

We wish we could adduce here, in support of our allegation, other evidences, such as may be found in literary and structural remains. These we could offer as indefeasible muniments and incontrovertible proofs in favour of the National Church’s rightful claim to her title and position. But we are restrained and embarrassed, not by the scantiness of the supply, but by its very profusion. The native literature, it is true, does not, so far as we know, ascend very high in date ;

but it covers a thousand years, and all the records we possess—the Laws of Howel Dda, the miscellaneous works of Giraldus Cambrensis, Liber Landaviensis, the Annals of Caradoc of Lancarvan, and others which we need not enumerate—present us with the essential features by which to recognise the old Church in the modern, and some of the necessary links to connect the past with the present. Other evidences of a more substantial kind, and more obvious to the public eye, such as ancient edifices and glebes, are found in every part of the Principality; and they testify to the Church's continuity as a living body, and to its long-settled occupation of the country. They are especially present in the Vale of Glamorgan, where this article is written. We say 'the Vale of Glamorgan' *pace* Mr. Carlyle, who tells us, in his 'Life of John Sterling,' that it is 'not properly a vale, there being only one range of mountains to it, even if one; but on the south no mountains at all, not even land, only the Bristol Channel.' In this district, whether properly called a 'vale' or a 'pleasant plain'—and the old British name of *Bro*\* certainly denotes the latter as well as does, indeed, its situation, lying as the district is found to lie on the sunny seaboard of the county of Glamorgan—the ecclesiastical

\* '*Bro Morganwg*'—popularly known as the Vale of Glamorgan—refers to the low-lying land which gradually slopes down from the Glamorganshire hills to the sea.

remains are abundant, as they are, indeed, in the whole of this diocese. We might refer to Llandaff, to Lantwit Major, and Lancarvan. These were celebrated sacred structures of the Welsh Church of the fifth and sixth centuries. She has never been dispossessed of them (except for one brief interval), and they are still in actual use and possession by the same National Church as existed then. At these and many other such hallowed spots in our midst, where the service of prayer and praise, the preaching of the Gospel, and the administration of the Holy Sacraments have never been discontinued any more than the life of the imperishable Church ceased, if the reproach was raised of her being 'an alien,' we might truly affirm that 'the stone would cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber should answer it. The vision indeed is written, and made plain upon tables, and he may run that readeth it.'

We should like, moreover, to dwell on the historical traditions that throng around the Church in Wales, and go to prove that instead of being an alien in her old mountain retirement, and among the children of the household which she reared and founded when she rescued our remote ancestors from the cruel and degrading dominion of Druidical superstition, her presence has been felt at every stage and turn of our national existence. Leaving her out of our calculation in the review of our history would be the same

as taking away the vital principle which guides, controls, and sweetens the corporeal frame and preserves it from decay and dissolution. This is equally true of us, as a people, in social and intellectual as in religious matters. But, interesting as the subject might be, we can now only refer to two or three circumstances which bear on the religious aspect. We refer to them inasmuch as they have placed us under obligations that should never be forgotten, and form the ground and source of most of the real piety that is in the country. The Church gave us an open Bible, translated by her faithful Bishops and divines. This is the only version used by Welsh-speaking Nonconformists and Churchmen, and is justly regarded as an inestimable boon by both. She supplied us, by a succession of able ministers, with the characteristic mode—the unique model of popular preaching. It is well known that Daniel Rowlands of Llangeitho was a disciple of Griffith Jones of Llanddowror, and Griffith Jones the follower of Vicar Pritchard of Llandovery. These were all celebrated preachers, and their example and methods were followed by all who wished to succeed in the public ministration of the Word. But they themselves only carried on and transmitted to their successors the older traditions of the Church. And this strain of sacred oratory is still prevailing; and whether animated or pathetic, goes straight to the Welshman's heart now as it did of old, when St.

David and his companions, by their pulpit eloquence, extirpated Pelagianism and vindicated the orthodox creed. She set the example of collecting the young together and teaching them on the Lord's Day. This was begun, long before the venture of Mr. Raikes of Gloucester in the same direction, by Mr. Griffith Jones and his associates in South Wales; and their efforts led eventually to the Sunday-school system, which is at present almost universal among us.\*

But we fear that we have already trespassed too

\* It is acknowledged, even by the partisans of the respective claims of Mr. Raikes and Mr. Charles, of Bala, to be considered as the founders of Sunday-schools, that 'one of Mr. Jones's circulating schools, held at Crawlom, near Llanidloes, developed, as it were, by a mere accident into a Sunday-school in the year 1770' (Mr. D. Evans, M.A., Gelligaer School, author of the 'Sunday-schools of Wales'). But how could that which was undoubtedly included within the professed scope and aim of the founder of the circulating schools, and might be regarded as simply the natural growth and outcome of the whole preliminary process, be called 'a mere accident,' it would be difficult to say. And why confine the number to 'one,' when, for aught that can be shown to the contrary, there might be several such schools. Happily, a new but efficient mode of doing good is contagious, especially when circumstances are favourable. And Mr. Griffith Jones, by his constant inculcation of the practice of catechising and instructing the young, and even adults, on Sundays, combined, as we know it was by him, with the indispensable duty of teaching them to read, created a state of feeling and opinion throughout Wales that was in the highest degree favourable to the formation and multiplication of Sunday-schools.

much on the reader's patience, and we feel besides that any further treatment of the question would be superfluous. We venture to state conclusively that the parties who assert that the Church of England in Wales is 'an alien' are certainly breaking the ninth Commandment. We do not profess to judge of their motives or objects. But we cannot forget that the ninth Commandment is closely related to the tenth. This is taught us from its position in the Decalogue, as well as from many a lesson in history. We have a significant warning in the case of Naboth the Jezreelite, whose vineyard, 'the inheritance of his fathers,' was seized and appropriated on a false accusation, and the accusation was invented for the express purpose of the robbery. The vineyard of the Lord of hosts, which His right hand has planted, and which heretofore has borne fruit of 'the choicest vine,' is ours, and ours also by right of inheritance, and is in the keeping of England no less than of Wales. May its hedges not be broken down—may its sacred inclosures be not again wasted by the spoiler, as was the case once before in our history, and when the result to our beloved country was nothing but anarchy, irreligion, and incalculable misery.

Since the foregoing was written, the ground of the imputation on the Church in Wales has been entirely

shifted by its opponents, as is too often the case with eager partisans when they find themselves hopelessly beaten on the line originally chosen, and when in order to cover their retreat and retrieve their character with the public they are driven to expedients which perhaps in their calmer moments, and whilst untrammelled with the inconveniences of hasty and rash assertions, they would be loath to employ, or, at any rate, would be the first to condemn if employed on the other side. A new turn has been given to the discussion, whilst, at the same time, the old formal terms of contention are adroitly retained. It is no longer a matter of historical research, but of sentiment and temperament. We are thus carried into the dangerous region of fantastic speculation, where reason and conscience are discarded, and where conjecture and prejudice being the purveyors, no one needs be ever at a loss to find just what he wants. The alienism complained of is discovered to lie at last in the sphere of supposed innate affinities and antipathies. This reduces the question to the same level as the supposition which is held by some amateurs in natural history that white is intolerable to the elephant, scarlet to the bull, or striped colours to the bird. It is on a par with Sir John Falstaff's fancy as certified by Dame Quickly, 'A could never abide carnation ; 'twas a colour he never liked.' It becomes, therefore, a mere opinion which

cannot be proved, or, if proved, must be put in the category of irrational and unaccountable incidents, undeserving of serious consideration. Though the arraignment in its altered form is an infinitely greater treason against the truth, it yet comprises the same sort of fallacy as that which induces the belief so commonly entertained by superficial observers and disseminated by designing fomenters of disloyalty, that a constitutional Government, with its representative system, its grave and weighty responsibilities, its imperious demands for self-restraint and united and persevering efforts on the part of all for the common good, is utterly unfit for the factious and mercurial Celtic temper. But in the present instance it is, as we intimated, an after-thought, the product of conscious defeat. It is a subterfuge by which the enemy hoped to escape when it was felt that the allegation, as originally made, could not be sustained. It was, indeed, impossible to resist the conviction that the Church which was planted in Wales in the earlier centuries of the Christian era, and has remained here ever since, could not be an alien as to its origin, its duration, or prescriptive rights and privileges. That seems to be now conceded—its continuity and lineal descent from the Church of our forefathers are no longer seriously impugned; but unwilling to confess their discomfiture, our opponents resort to a side-issue, and now inform us that the Church is ‘alien to



the genius and temper of the Welsh race.' When we are accosted by this revised version of the accusation, and when we reflect that it is brought against our hereditary branch of the Church universal, which has been with us, as we said, from the beginning of our existence as a Christian nation, and until the close of the last century was the only institution among us which could possibly claim our allegiance as a Church, and the only medium for preserving and communicating spiritual life and knowledge, words fail us to express our commiseration for our unhappy race if the accusation be true, or, if false, of indignation against the traducers. But the charge has no more real foundation in its present bearing than before. It would be, indeed, strange if it had. For in that case it would upset all reasonable calculations based upon the past, and at the same time assume an incredible revolution in the Welshman's nature, proving, as it would, the children to be totally unlike their fathers, who exhibited for so many successive centuries such strong and consistent attachment to the Welsh Church. It was only, as is well known, under the pressure of despotic power, which really amounted to an atrocious persecution, relentlessly carried on during the whole of Oliver Cromwell's protectorate, that any portion of our countrymen could be detached from it. It was then that sectarianism showed itself among us. And although

through a variety of causes, some of which may no doubt be traced to a faulty and unsympathetic administration, but many being unavoidable, the sects have multiplied, and during the last century secured to themselves large numbers of adherents, yet it is an acknowledged fact that wherever the Church has been faithfully presented in its reverent ritual, its fundamental doctrines of grace, and its tolerant and beneficent spirit, and served by an active and pious clergy, the Welsh people have never failed to rally back and re-enlist under its standard. But the charge is discredited by the assertors themselves. Else, why exclaim so loudly and so pathetically against the proselytism which is alleged to be carried on by Churchmen, who, it may be observed, if they proselytize, are only following the example of the Nonconformist ministers who have laid themselves out to the same work with such admirable zeal and assiduity? And it may be confidently asserted that if the Church is, indeed, 'alien to the genius and temper of the Welsh race,' all the efforts of Churchmen in that direction must surely be in vain. But it is too well known that the Church is everywhere regaining the lost affections of Welshmen. And it is remarkable that it is in the more Welsh parts, as well as among the more educated classes, that the revival shows itself most conspicuous, and the Church proves itself best adapted to win the enthusiastic devotion of

the people. There the congregations are the most constant, and the communicants the most numerous. And it is significant, too, that so many ministers of the Nonconformist bodies, who surely know their own countrymen, and can as accurately estimate the stream of religious tendency and the strength of the actual current as any of us, are seeking admission into the Church,\* and offering themselves to the Welsh Bishops for service in their several dioceses.

\* 'You would, I am sure, be greatly surprised if I were to give you the numbers of Nonconformist ministers who apply every year to the four Bishops of Wales for admission into the Church, and into Holy Orders.'—The Right Hon. Lord Aberdare in a speech at Aberdare on February 1, 1888.

## ORIGIN OF WELSH NONCONFORMITY.

**T**HE origin of the three sects which prevail in Wales can be accurately traced. The founder of the Independents, or, as they are best known in these days, the Congregationalists, was the Rev. William Wroth, the Rector of Llanvaches, Monmouthshire. He refused to comply with the Royal Proclamation on the lawfulness of sports on Sundays. He was consequently suspended, and in the year 1639 he set up the first Congregational cause at Llanvaches.

The first Baptist congregation was formed in 1649 at Ilston, in the county of Glamorgan.

It was in the year 1811 that the Calvinistic Methodists seceded from the Church and formed themselves into a separate body. The leader in the movement was the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala.

*Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London.*



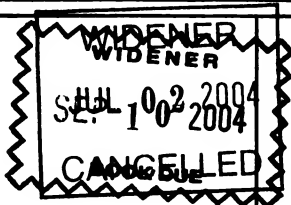




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